THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

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The Backward Child

By Osbert Sitwell

ASLEEP, asleep, with closèd eyes
In the womb of time, King Pharaoh lies.
Heavy the darkness is, as rust
On his cold sword, soft as the dust;
So any wandering sound would skim
The sleep off silence, and wake him.
But comes no sound, save the flitting scowl
Of death-wingèd bat, or vault-voiced owl;
No sound through the ages all forlorn
Unless a padding unicorn
Secures his ivory, so white,
In the Egyptian grape-blue night,
Curling his limbs to rest, untangles
His milky mane, while moon-sharp angles
Of pyramids enfold him close
In their defiant calm repose;
For their harsh angularity
Repels the hunter's cruelty.

No padding unicorn is this
To prick the old King's nothingness,
Yet a movement woke, a faint sound stirred
The silence like a spoken word,
No soft night sound, nor anything
But rolling laughter echoing.
Then King Pharaoh stretched, stood up, with a smile
Found the crowns of the Upper and Lower Nile,

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Opened wide his bead-bright eyes,
Sighed at life in harsh surprise
(Like the jewels in his crown, had grown more deep
His gipsy eyes in embalmèd sleep),
For there below in the lion-coloured sand
Salome danced the Saraband,
And with abandon satyrs made
Masked music for the Syrian Jade!
Gurgling laughter, hot with lust,
Like flame through the burning air was tossed
Until with a cloven, clownish prance
They join Salome in the dance.
King Pharaoh sighed again. He knew
Iris, Osiris, were dead too;
The world had lost its vanity
Made safe for Christianity—
"Here! In such a company. Alone!
Not even her Mother as Chaperone!"

With ruffled plumage the sun flashed its wing
On a double-crowned, parchment-yellow King.
The clear bronze sides of the pyramids
Shone like polished coffin-lids,
Each side a huge triangular mirror
To magnify a separate terror,
To heighten the shadows, to enhance
How dead was the King, how alive the dance,
Till ashamed, the wicked echoes hid
Like bats in the depth of a pyramid,
Or hid far-off in the honeycomb hive
Of caves where the bearded hermits live—
Serapion-the-Sindonite
Turned from the strange, unholy sight,
Left his cave, went up the hill
Where aged Anthony dwells still.
Disturbed in prayer, St. Anthony
Looks round, recalls a century;
Yet in that whole tempestuous age
Had beheld never such a mirage
(Not even when with book and bell
He cleansed the hill he loves so well,
That hill of Venusberg, whose name
The poor vile heathen still proclaim).

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Led by two bishops, with his high crook
The old Saint summons round his flock,
They, hour by hour, together read
The Paternoster and the Creed,
While Christian choirs of shrill birds bless
The Saint's white-bearded holiness.

Below the heathen nightingales
Embalm within their seven veils
Of song, Salome—swathings fine
Scented with fountain, rose, and vine.
Tired Pharaoh falls back in his box;
The lid snaps down. The golden flocks
Of stars browse round the singing trees
And orchards of Hesperides.
Down here no sound, except forlorn
Sad padding of the unicorn,
Who seeks a refuge from the snare
Of cruel hunters. Hiding here
His horn, his mane, his shape are hid
In slumber of the pyramid.
Safe here is he; for in this place
Hide every legendary race,
Saints, Satyrs, Unicorns entrance
Us with their fabulous elegance;
Pharaoh himself sits up to tea
Under the shade of the incense tree.
Yet nomads, wandering, will find
No tree, no murmur, no soft wind. . . .

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Venetia Digby

(On seeing her portrait in the picture gallery at Dulwich, done after death.)

By Douglas Ainslie

Digby, I love you, not because you wrote
Upon the soul and immortality,
Though oft indeed I have enjoyed to quote
Your travelled lore, your quaint cosmogony.
No, for my fancy plays about the name
You loved before all others in the world:
Venetia Digby, famous with your fame.

* * * * * *

Smiles from the pillow her pale face and curled
Dark hair where many a glittering jewel came.
She died, they say, because, though fair indeed,
You would make her fairer than the gods allow;
Wherefore, with many a deadly witch's weed,
You sought and wrought, until your puckered brow
Relaxed with certainty of aim achieved.

* * * * * *

"Now drink, beloved," and you pressed the cup
Into her hand, and she who lately heard
How sure a triumph lay in one small sup—
"This draught will make thee twice as fair again
As Sacharissa, Nell, the Castlemaine"—
Smiling, drank deep, and then without a word,
Turned drowsily—to die upon her couch;
And Digby left her—smiling. Did he know
That death perchance lay with her? Who can vouch
He knew or knew not that loved beauty so?

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The Crowd *

By E. Hamilton Moore

See how the murmurous, many-coloured Crowd
Moves like a cloud,
Close centre, ragged rim,
Changeful and shifting:
Now on every whim
Vagrant and indeterminately drifting,
And yet again to its own focus tending,
Forward to some predestinate purpose bending,
Even as clouds move, blown leaves or driven surge,
When blind winds urge.

It laughs, and like a ripple on ripe grain,
The laughter spreads.
It sings—Echoing the forest's full refrain,
The long-drawn strain
Swells up, and ebbs away and swells again.
It talks—speech that stings salt like spray far blown,
And tossed on winds of chance to the unknown.
With pause and impulse timed, majestical,
With measured pace, harmonious, rhythmical,
Steadfast advancing still one way it comes,
Laughter its bugle rally, and its drums
The tramp symphonic of unfaltering feet.
Then, at a sudden barrier, frets and raves,
Seethes over, under, round, as white-fanged waves
Impetuous overleap the sandy bar
Withholds them, chafing, from the watery hollow,
And multitudinously exultant, follow
Each after other, thundering afar.

Lose in this mass thy separate sense. Subserve
Its mightier will, content, of the vast curve
To be a point, a moment, and exchange
Thy close perspective for its infinite range!
Thrill to its uttermost of love, fear, hate!
Break bonds, enlarge thy vision and dilate

* Awarded the Poets' Club Gold Medal.

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Thy puny bulk. Gigantically laugh—
Flame to swift ecstasies—be prompt to quaff
The sudden chalice of the wrath of God—
Outpour its red libation!
Mortal man
In shadow walks a brief permitted span,
Frail dust, to dust returning?
Spurn the clod
That baulks achievement; spurn the grave-mound's ban!
Join step, hand, heart! Advance! The battle hymn
Shakes the pale planets, fugitive and dim—
Hail this immense as one, and hail none other!
Salute the true Divine, Mankind, thyself, thy brother!

Oh yet, beware, lest, lifted from the sod,
And set above the stars to elbow God,
From that vast zenith flung, its nadir be
A station still too high for cringing thee!
For lo, the Crowd—It sings and laughs no more—
Defiance now, loud-throated, raucous, hoarse,
Its thousand voices hurl,
As gathering force,
Like leaping billows that devour the shore,
Its swift, contending eddies seethe and whirl,
Then reunite their strong impetuous course,
Now like a flood it moves, and yet again,
Like black tempestuous cloud, heavy with rain,
Sagging with its own fury—see it reel,
Torn by the lightning flash of sudden steel!

The thunders pent
In that dark mass find now tumultuous vent:
From rim to rim the shaken firmament
Hears the long sullen roar reverberate,
The gathered menace of a people's hate!
And red, blood-red,
Sharp with the tang of tears, what showers are shed!
Vengeful and fevered, madly panic-tossed,
Hot to the assault its fluctuating sallies
Swerve desperately in quick retreats and rallies.

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This way and that its headlong passion takes,
Till on a sudden cry of *Treason*, lost,
From the heart out it disunites and breaks!
And even as a cloud with its own thunder
Is rent asunder,
Whipped on by shrilling winds across the sky,
Behold it fly—
A thousand separate shapes that late were one
Clamouring a thousand separate terrors run
On pitiless feet, with pitiless hands that thrust
And trample each his fellow in the dust.

Spent clouds, dead leaves, the spume of driven spray
Before the tempest flee less swift than they.
Nor hath earth crannies mean enough to hide
Their minished pride,
Sunk from the majesty outsoared the spheres,
To the dwarfed stature, each, of his own fears.

The Best Room

By John Ferguson

No child had she. The " room " had all her care;
  It was her consolation and delight,
  Her secret passion, holy in her sight;
Her dearest relics were ensconcèd there—
The beaded footstool, the embroidered chair,
  The chiffonier with china dogs bedight,
  The model yacht, the bridecake globed and white—
And curtained panes kept out the sun's bright glare.

Her docker husband fell into the Clyde;
  They grappled for his corpse between the ships
And brought it home, and laid it, staring-eyed,
  Upon the parlour floor. Her tremulous lips
Muttered " The Carpet! " half in sorrow and pride,
  " Just bring him to the kitchen while he drips."

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The Horse-dealer's Daughter

By D. H. Lawrence

"WELL, Mabel, and what are you going to do with yourself?" asked Joe, with foolish flippancy. He felt quite safe himself. Without listening for an answer, he turned aside, worked a grain of tobacco to the tip of his tongue, and spat it out. He did not care about anything, since he felt safe himself.

The three brothers and the sister sat round the desolate breakfast-table, attempting some sort of desultory consultation. The morning's post had given the final tap to the family fortunes, and all was over. The dreary dining-room itself, with its heavy mahogany furniture, looked as if it were waiting to be done away with.

But the consultation amounted to nothing. There was a strange air of ineffectuality about the three men, as they sprawled at table, smoking and reflecting vaguely on their own condition. The girl was alone, a rather short, sullen-looking young woman of twenty-seven. She did not share the same life as her brothers. She would have been good-looking, save for the impassive fixity of her face, "bull-dog," as her brothers called it.

There was a confused tramping of horses' feet outside. The three men all sprawled round in their chairs, to watch. Beyond the dark holly-bushes that separated the strip of lawn from the high road, they could see a cavalcade of shire horses swinging out of their own yard, being taken for exercise. This was the last time. These were the last horses that would go through their hands. The young men watched with critical, callous look. They were all frightened at the collapse of their lives, and the sense of disaster in which they were involved left them no inner freedom.

Yet they were three fine, well-set fellows enough. Joe, the eldest, was a man of thirty-three, broad and handsome in a hot, flushed way. His face was red, he twisted his black moustache over a thick finger, his eyes were shallow

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and restless. He had a sensual way of uncovering his teeth when he laughed, and his bearing was stupid. Now he watched the horses with a glazed look of helplessness in his eyes, a certain stupor of downfall.

The great draught-horses swung past. They were tied head to tail, four of them, and they heaved along to where a lane branched off from the high road, planting their great hoofs floutingly in the fine black mud, swinging their great rounded haunches sumptuously, and trotting a few sudden steps as they were led into the lane, round the corner. Every movement showed a massive, slumbrous strength, and a stupidity which held them in subjection. The groom at the head looked back, jerking the leading rope. And the cavalcade moved out of sight up the lane, the tail of the last horse, bobbed up tight and stiff, held out taut from the swinging great haunches as they rocked behind the hedges in a motion like sleep.

Joe watched with glazed, hopeless eyes. The horses were almost like his own body to him. He felt he was done for now. Luckily he was engaged to a woman as old as himself, and therefore her father, who was steward of a neighbouring estate, would provide him with a job. He would marry and go into harness. His life was over, he would be a subject animal now.

He turned uneasily aside, the retreating steps of the horses echoing in his ears. Then, with foolish restlessness, he reached for the scraps of bacon-rind from the plates, and, making a faint whistling sound, flung them to the terrier that lay against the fender. He watched the dog swallow them, and waited till the creature looked into his eyes. Then a faint grin came on his face, and in a high, foolish voice he said:

"You won't get much more bacon, shall you, you little b—— ?"

The dog faintly and dismally wagged its tail, then lowered its haunches, circled round, and lay down again.

There was another helpless silence at the table. Joe sprawled uneasily in his seat, not willing to go till the family conclave was dissolved. Fred Henry, the second brother, was erect, clean-limbed, alert. He had watched the passing of the horses with more *sang-froid*. If he was an animal, like Joe, he was an animal which controls, not

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one which is controlled. He was master of any horse, and he carried himself with a well-tempered air of mastery. But he was not master of the situations of life. He pushed his coarse brown moustache upwards, off his lip, and glanced irritably at his sister, who sat impassive and inscrutable.

"You'll go and stop with Lucy for a bit, shan't you?" he asked. The girl did not answer.

"I don't see what else you can do," persisted Fred Henry.

"Go as a skivvy," Joe interpolated laconically.

The girl did not move a muscle.

"If I was her, I should go in for training for a nurse," said Malcolm, the youngest of them all. He was the baby of the family, a young man of twenty-two, with a fresh, jaunty *museau*.

But Mabel did not take any notice of him. They had talked at her and round her for so many years, that she hardly heard them at all.

The marble clock on the mantelpiece softly chimed the half-hour, the dog rose uneasily from the hearthrug and looked at the party at the breakfast-table. But still they sat on in ineffectual conclave.

"Oh all right," said Joe suddenly, *à propos* of nothing. "I'll get a move on."

He pushed back his chair, straddled his knees with a downward jerk, to get them free, in horsey fashion, and went to the fire. Still he did not go out of the room, he was curious to know what the others would do or say. He began to charge his pipe, looking down at the dog and saying, in a high, affected voice:

"Going wi' me? Going wi' me are ter? Tha'rt goin' further than tha counts on just now, dost hear?"

The dog faintly wagged its tail, the man stuck out his jaw and covered his pipe with his hands, and puffed intently, losing himself in the tobacco, looking down all the while at the dog, with an absent brown eye. The dog looked up at him in mournful distrust. Joe stood with his knees stuck out, in real horsey fashion.

"Have you had a letter from Lucy?" Fred Henry asked of his sister.

"Last week," came the neutral reply.

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"And what does she say?"

There was no answer.

"Does she *ask* you to go and stop there?" persisted Fred Henry.

"She says I can if I like."

"Well, then, you'd better. Tell her you'll come on Monday."

This was received in silence.

"That's what you'll do then, is it?" said Fred Henry, in some exasperation.

But she made no answer. There was a silence of futility and irritation in the room. Malcolm grinned fatuously.

"You'll have to make up your mind between now and next Wednesday," said Joe loudly, "or else find yourself lodgings on the kerbstone."

The face of the young woman darkened, but she sat on immutable.

"Here's Jack Fergusson!" exclaimed Malcolm, who was looking aimlessly out of the window.

"Where?" exclaimed Joe loudly.

"Just gone past."

"Coming in?"

Malcolm craned his neck to see the gate.

"Yes," he said.

There was a silence. Mabel sat on like one condemned, at the head of the table. Then a whistle was heard from the kitchen. The dog got up and barked sharply. Joe opened the door and shouted:

"Come on."

After a moment, a young man entered. He was muffled up in overcoat and a purple woollen scarf, and his tweed cap, which he did not remove, was pulled down on his head. He was of medium height, his face was rather long and pale, his eyes looked tired.

"Hallo, Jack! Well, Jack!" exclaimed Malcolm and Joe. Fred Henry merely said "Jack!"

"What's doing?" asked the newcomer, evidently addressing Fred Henry.

"Same. We've got to be out by Wednesday. Got a cold?"

"I have—got it bad, too."

"Why don't you stop in?"

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"*Me* stop in? When I can't stand on my legs, perhaps I shall have a chance." The young man spoke huskily. He had a slight Scotch accent.

"It's a knock-out, isn't it," said Joe boisterously, "if a doctor goes round croaking with a cold? Looks bad for the patients, doesn't it?"

The young doctor looked at him slowly.

"Anything the matter with *you*, then?" he asked sarcastically.

"Not as I know of. Damn your eyes, I hope not. Why?"

"I thought you were very concerned about the patients, wondered if you might be one yourself."

"Damn it, no, I've never been patient to no flaming doctor, and hope I never shall be," returned Joe.

At this point Mabel rose from the table, and they all seemed to become aware of her existence. She began putting the dishes together. The young doctor looked at her, but did not address her. He had not greeted her. She went out of the room with the tray, her face impassive and unchanged.

"When are you off then, all of you?" asked the doctor.

"I'm catching the eleven-forty," replied Malcolm. "Are you goin' down wi' th' trap, Joe?"

"Yes, you young b——, I've told you I'm going down wi' th' trap, haven't I?"

"We'd better be getting her in then. So long, Jack, if I don't see you before I go," said Malcolm, shaking hands.

He went out, followed by Joe, who seemed to have his tail between his legs.

"Well, this is the devil's own," exclaimed the doctor when he was left alone with Fred Henry. "Going before Wednesday, are you?"

"That's the orders," replied the other.

"Where, to Northampton?"

"That's it."

"The devil!" exclaimed Fergusson with quiet chagrin.

And there was silence between the two.

"All settled up, are you?" asked Fergusson.

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" About."

There was another pause.

" Well, I shall miss yer, Freddy boy," said the young doctor.

" And I shall miss thee, Jack," returned the other.

" Miss you like Hell," mused the doctor.

Fred Henry turned aside. There was nothing to say. Mabel came in again, to finish clearing the table.

" What are *you* going to do then, Miss Pervin? " asked Fergusson. " Going to your sister's, are you? "

Mabel looked at him with her steady, dangerous eyes, that always made him uncomfortable, unsettling his superficial ease.

" No," she said.

" Well, what in the name of fortune *are* you going to do? Say what you *mean* to do," cried Fred Henry with futile intensity.

But she only averted her head and continued her work. She folded the white tablecloth, and put on the chenille cloth.

" The sulkiest bitch that ever trod! " muttered her brother.

But she finished her task with perfectly impassive face, the young doctor watching her interestedly all the while. Then she went out.

Fred Henry stared after her, clenching his lips, his blue eyes fixing in sharp antagonism, as he made a grimace of sour exasperation.

" You could bray her into bits, and that's all you'd get out of her," he said in a small, narrowed tone.

The doctor smiled faintly.

" What's she *going* to do then? " he asked.

" Strike me if *I* know! " returned the other.

There was a pause. Then the doctor stirred.

" I'll be seeing you to-night, shall I? " he said to his friend.

" Ay—where's it to be? Are we going over to Jessdale? "

" I don't know. I've got such a cold on me. I'll come round to the Moon and Stars, anyway."

" Let Lizzie and May miss their night for once, eh? "

" That's it—if I feel as I do now."

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"All's one——"

The two young men went through the passage and down to the back door together. The house was large, but it was servantless now, and desolate. At the back was a small bricked house-yard, and beyond that a big square, gravelled fine and red, and having stables on two sides. Sloping, dank, winter-dark fields stretched away on the open sides.

But the stables were empty. Joseph Pervin, the father of the family, had been a man of no education, who had become a fairly large horse-dealer. The stables had been full of horses, there was a great turmoil and come-and-go of horses and of dealers and grooms. Then the kitchen was full of servants. But of late things had declined. The old man had married a second time, to retrieve his fortunes. Now he was dead and everything was gone to the dogs, there was nothing but debt and threatening.

For months Mabel had been servantless in the big house, keeping the home together in penury for her ineffectual brothers. She had kept house for ten years. But previously it was with unstinted means. Then, however brutal and coarse everything was, the sense of money had kept her proud, confident. The men might be foul-mouthed, the women in the kitchen might have bad reputations, her brothers might have illegitimate children. But so long as there was money, the girl felt herself established, and brutally proud, reserved.

No company came to the house, save dealers and coarse men. Mabel had no associates of her own sex, after her sister went away. But she did not mind. She went regularly to church, she attended to her father. And she lived in the memory of her mother, who had died when she was fourteen, and whom she had loved. She had loved her father too, in a different way, depending upon him, and feeling secure in him, until at the age of fifty-four he married again. And then she had set hard against him. Now he had died and left them all hopelessly in debt.

She had suffered badly during the period of poverty. Nothing, however, could shake the curious sullen, animal pride that dominated each member of the family. Now, for Mabel, the end had come. Still she would not cast about her. She would follow her own way just the same.

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She would always hold the keys of her own situation. Mindless and persistent, she endured from day to day. Why should she think? Why should she answer anybody? It was enough that this was the end, and there was no way out. She need not pass any more darkly along the main street of the small town, avoiding every eye. She need not demean herself any more, going into the shops and buying the cheapest food. This was at an end. She thought of nobody, not even of herself. Mindless and persistent, she seemed in a sort of ecstasy to be coming nearer to her fulfilment, her own glorification, approaching her dead mother, who was glorified.

In the afternoon she took a little bag, with shears and sponge and a small scrubbing brush, and went out. It was a grey, wintry day, with saddened, dark-green fields and an atmosphere blackened by the smoke of foundries not far off. She went quickly, darkly along the causeway, heeding nobody, through the town to the churchyard.

There she always felt secure, as if no one could see her, although as a matter of fact she was exposed to the stare of everyone who passed along under the churchyard wall. Nevertheless, once under the shadow of the great looming church, among the graves, she felt immune from the world, reserved within the thick churchyard wall as in another country.

Carefully she clipped the grass from the grave, and arranged the pinky-white, small chrysanthemums in the tin cross. When this was done, she took an empty jar from a neighbouring grave, brought water, and carefully, most scrupulously sponged the marble headstone and the coping stone.

It gave her sincere satisfaction to do this. She felt in immediate contact with the world of her mother. She took minute pains, went through the work in a state bordering on pure happiness, as if in performing this task she came into a subtle, intimate connection with her mother. For the life she followed here in the world was far less real than the world of death she inherited from her mother.

The doctor's house was just by the church. Fergusson, being a mere hired assistant, was slave to the countryside. As he hurried now to attend to the out-patients in the surgery, glancing across the graveyard with his quick eye

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he saw the girl at her task at the grave. She seemed so intent and remote, it was like looking into another world. Some mystical element was touched in him. He slowed down as he walked, watching her as if spellbound.

She lifted her eyes, feeling him looking. Their eyes met. And each looked away again at once, each feeling in some way found out by the other. He lifted his cap and passed on down the road. There remained distinct in his consciousness, like a vision, the memory of her face, lifted from the tombstone in the churchyard, and looking at him with slow, large, portentous eyes. It *was* portentous, her face. It seemed to mesmerise him. There was a heavy power in her eyes which laid hold of his whole being, as if he had drunk some powerful drug. He had been feeling weak and done before. Now the life came back into him, he felt delivered from his own fretted, daily self.

He finished his duties at the surgery as quickly as might be, hastily filling up the bottles of the waiting people with cheap drugs. Then, in perpetual haste, he set off again to visit several cases in another part of his round before tea-time. At all times he preferred to walk, if he could, but particularly when he was not well. He fancied the motion restored him.

The afternoon was falling. It was grey, deadened, and wintry, with a slow, moist, heavy coldness sinking in and deadening all the faculties. But why should he think or notice? He hastily climbed the hill and turned across the dark-green fields, following the black cinder track. In the distance, across a shallow dip in the country, the small town was clustered like smouldering ash, a tower, a spire, a heap of low, raw, extinct houses. And on the nearest fringe of the town, sloping into the dip, was Old-meadow, the Pervins' house. He could see the stables and the outbuildings distinctly, as they lay towards him on the slope. Well, he would not go there many more times! Another resource would be lost to him, another place gone: the only company he cared for in the alien, ugly little town, he was losing. Nothing but work, drudgery, constant hastening from dwelling to dwelling among the colliers and the iron-workers. It wore him out, but at the same time he had a craving for it. It was a stimulant to him to be in the homes of the working people.

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moving, as it were, through the innermost body of their life. His nerves were excited and gratified. He could come so near, into the very lives of the rough, inarticulate, powerfully emotional men and women. He grumbled, he said he hated the hellish hole. But as a matter of fact it excited him, the contact with the rough, strongly-feeling people was a stimulant applied direct to his nerves.

Below Oldmeadow, in the green, shallow, soddened hollow of fields, lay a square deep pond. Roving across the landscape, the doctor's quick eye detected a figure in black passing through the gates of the field, down towards the pond. He looked again. It would be Mabel Pervin. His mind suddenly became alive and attentive.

Why was she going down there? He pulled up on the path on the slope above, and stood staring. He could just make sure of the small black figure moving in the hollow of the failing day. He seemed to see her in the midst of such obscurity, that he was like a clairvoyant, seeing rather with the mind's eye than with ordinary sight. Yet he could see her positively enough, whilst he kept his eye attentive. He felt, if he looked away from her, in the thick, ugly, falling dusk, he would lose her altogether.

He followed her minutely as she moved, direct and intent, like something transmitted rather than stirring in voluntary activity, straight down the field towards the pond. There she stood on the bank for a moment. She never raised her head. Then she waded slowly into the water.

He stood motionless as the small black figure walked slowly and deliberately towards the centre of the pond, very slowly, gradually moving deeper into the motionless water, and still moving forward as the water got up to her breast. Then he could see her no more in the dusk of the dead afternoon.

"There!" he exclaimed. "Would you believe it?"

And he hastened straight down, running over the wet, soddened fields, pushing through the hedges, down into the depression of callous wintry obscurity. It took him several minutes to come to the pond. He stood on the bank, breathing heavily. He could see nothing. His eyes seemed to penetrate the dead water. Yes, perhaps that was the dark shadow of her black clothing beneath the surface of the water.

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He slowly ventured into the pond. The bottom was deep, soft clay; he sank in, and the water clasped dead cold round his legs. As he stirred he could smell the cold, rotten clay that fouled up into the water. It was objectionable in his lungs. Still, repelled and yet not heeding, he moved deeper into the pond. The cold water rose over his thighs, over his loins, upon his abdomen. The lower part of his body was all sunk in the hideous cold element. And the bottom was so deeply soft and uncertain, he was afraid of pitching with his mouth underneath. He could not swim, and was afraid.

He crouched a little, spreading his hands under the water and moving them round, trying to feel for her. The dead cold pond swayed upon his chest. He moved again, a little deeper, and again, with his hands underneath, he felt all around under the water. And he touched her clothing. But it evaded his fingers. He made a desperate effort to grasp it.

And so doing he lost his balance and went under, horribly, suffocating in the foul, earthy water, struggling madly for a few moments. At last, after what seemed an eternity, he got his footing, rose again into the air and looked around. He gasped, and knew he was in the world. Then he looked at the water. She had risen near him. He grasped her clothing, and, drawing her nearer, turned to take his way to land again.

He went very slowly, carefully, absorbed in the slow progress. He rose higher, climbing out of the pond. The water was now only about his legs; he was thankful, full of relief to be out of the clutches of the pond. He lifted her and staggered on to the bank, out of the horror of wet grey clay.

He laid her down on the bank. She was quite unconscious and running with water. He made the water come from her mouth, he worked to restore her. He did not have to work very long before he could feel the breathing begin again in her, she was breathing naturally. He worked a little longer. He could feel her live beneath his hands, she was coming back. He wiped her face, wrapped her in his overcoat, looked round into the dim, dark-grey world, then lifted her and staggered down the bank and across the fields.

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It seemed an unthinkably long way, and his burden so heavy he felt he would never get to the house. But at last he was in the stable-yard, and then in the house-yard. He opened the door and went into the house. In the kitchen he laid her down on the hearthrug, and called. The house was empty. But the fire was burning in the grate.

Then again he kneeled to attend to her. She was breathing regularly, her eyes were wide open and as if conscious, but there seemed something missing in her look. She was conscious in herself, but unconscious of her surroundings.

He ran upstairs, took blankets from a bed, and put them before the fire to warm. Then he removed her saturated, earthy-smelling clothing, rubbed her dry with a towel, and wrapped her naked in the blankets. Then he went into the dining-room to look for spirits. There was a little whisky. He drank a gulp himself, and put some into her mouth.

The effect was instantaneous. She looked full into his face, as if she had been seeing him for some time, and yet had only just become conscious of him.

"Dr. Fergusson?" she said.

"What?" he answered.

He was divesting himself of his coat, intending to find some dry clothing upstairs. He could not bear the smell of the dead, clayey water, and he was mortally afraid for his own health.

"What did I do?" she asked.

"Walked into the pond," he replied. He had begun to shudder like one sick, and could hardly attend to her. Her eyes remained full on him; he seemed to be going dark in his mind, looking back at her helplessly. The shuddering became quieter in him, his life came back in him, dark and unknowing, but strong again.

"Was I out of my mind?" she asked, while her eyes were fixed on him all the time.

"Maybe, for the moment," he replied. He felt quiet, because his strength had come back. The strange fretful strain had left him.

"Am I out of my mind now?" she asked.

"Are you?" he reflected a moment. "No," he an-

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swered truthfully, " I don't see that you are." He turned his face aside. He was afraid, now, because he felt dazed, and felt dimly that her power was stronger than his, in this issue. And she continued to look at him fixedly all the time. " Can you tell me where I shall find some dry things to put on? " he asked.

" Did you dive into the pond for me? " she asked.

" No," he answered. " I walked in. But I went in overhead as well."

There was silence for a moment. He hesitated. He very much wanted to go upstairs to get into dry clothing. But there was another desire in him. And she seemed to hold him. His will seemed to have gone to sleep, and left him, standing there slack before her. But he felt warm inside himself. He did not shudder at all, though his clothes were sodden on him.

" Why did you? " she asked.

" Because I didn't want you to do such a foolish thing," he said.

" It wasn't foolish," she said, still gazing at him as she lay on the floor, with a sofa cushion under her head. " It was the right thing to do. *I* knew best, then."

" I'll go and shift these wet things," he said. But still he had not the power to move out of her presence, until she sent him. It was as if she had the life of his body in her hands, and he could not extricate himself. Or perhaps he did not want to.

Suddenly she sat up. Then she became aware of her own immediate condition. She felt the blankets about her, she knew her own limbs. For a moment it seemed as if her reason were going. She looked round, with wild eye, as if seeking something. He stood still with fear. She saw her clothing lying scattered.

" Who undressed me? " she asked, her eyes resting full and inevitable on his face.

" I did," he replied, " to bring you round."

For some moments she sat and gazed at him awfully, her lips parted.

" Do you love me then? " she asked.

He only stood and stared at her fascinated. His soul seemed to melt.

She shuffled forward on her knees, and put her arms

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round him, round his legs, as he stood there, pressing her breasts against his knees and thighs, clutching him with strange, convulsive certainty, pressing his thighs against her, drawing him to her face, her throat, as she looked up at him with flaring, humble eyes of transfiguration, triumphant in first possession.

"You love me," she murmured, in strange transport, yearning and triumphant and confident. "You love me. I know you love me, I know."

And she was passionately kissing his knees through the wet clothing, passionately and indiscriminately kissing his knees, his legs, as if unaware of everything.

He looked down at the tangled wet hair, the wild, bare, animal shoulders. He was amazed, bewildered, and afraid. He had never thought of loving her. He had never wanted to love her. When he rescued her and restored her, he was a doctor and she was a patient. He had had no single personal thought of her. Nay, this introduction of the personal element was very distasteful to him, a violation of his professional honour. It was horrible to have her there embracing his knees. It was horrible. He revolted from it violently. And yet—and yet—he had not the power to break away.

She looked at him again, with the same supplication of powerful love, and that same transcendent, frightening light of triumph. In view of the delicate flame which seemed to come from her face like a light, he was powerless. And yet he had never intended to love her. He had never intended. And something stubborn in him could not give way.

"You love me," she repeated, in a murmur of deep, rhapsodic assurance. "You love me."

Her hands were drawing him, drawing him down to her. He was afraid, even a little horrified. For he had really no intention of loving her. Yet her hands were drawing him towards her. He put out his hand quickly to steady himself, and grasped her bare shoulder. A flame seemed to burn the hand that grasped her soft shoulder. He had no intention of loving her: his whole will was against his yielding. It was horrible—— And yet wonderful was the touch of her shoulder, beautiful the shining of her face. Was she perhaps mad? He

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had a horror of yielding to her. Yet something in him ached also.

He had been staring away at the door, away from her. But his hand remained on her shoulder. She had gone suddenly very still. He looked down at her. Her eyes were now wide with fear, with doubt, the light was dying from her face, a shadow of terrible greyness was returning. He could not bear the touch of her eyes' question upon him, and the look of death behind the question.

With an inward groan he gave way, and let his heart yield towards her. A sudden gentle smile came on his face. And her eyes, which never left his face, slowly, slowly filled with tears. He watched the strange water rise in her eyes, like some slow fountain coming up. And his heart seemed to burn and melt in his breast.

He could not bear to look at her any more. He dropped on his knees and caught her head with his arm and pressed her face against his throat. She was very still. His heart, which seemed to have broken, was burning with a kind of agony in his breast. And he felt her slow, hot tears wetting his throat. But he could not move.

He felt the hot tears wet his neck and the hollows of his neck, and he remained motionless, suspended through one of man's eternities. Only now it had become indispensable to him to have her face pressed close to him, he could never let her go again. He could never let her head go away from the close clutch of his arm. He wanted to remain like that for ever, with his heart hurting him in a pain that was also life to him. Without knowing, he was looking down on her damp, soft brown hair.

Then, as it were suddenly, he smelt the horrid stagnant smell of that water. And at the same moment she drew away from him and looked at him. Her eyes were wistful and unfathomable. He was afraid of them, and he fell to kissing her, not knowing what he was doing. He wanted her eyes not to have that terrible wistful, unfathomable look.

When she turned her face to him again, a faint delicate flush was glowing, and there was again dawning that terrible shining of joy in her eyes, which really terrified him, and yet which he now wanted to see, because he feared the look of doubt still more.

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"You love me?" she said, rather faltering.

"Yes." The word cost him a painful effort. Not because it wasn't true. But because it was too newly true, the *saying* seemed to tear open again his newly-torn heart. And he hardly wanted it to be true, even now.

She lifted her face to him, and he bent forward and kissed her on the mouth, gently, with the one kiss that is an eternal pledge. And as he kissed her his heart strained again in his breast. He never intended to love her. But now it was over. He had crossed over the gulf to her, and all that he had left behind had shrivelled and become void.

After the kiss, her eyes again slowly filled with tears. She sat still, away from him, with her face dropped aside, and her hands folded in her lap. The tears fell very slowly. There was complete silence. He too sat there motionless and silent on the hearthrug. The strange pain of his heart that was broken seemed to consume him. That he should love her? That this was love! That he should be ripped open in this way!—him, a doctor! How they would all jeer if they knew! It was agony to him to think they might know.

In the curious naked pain of the thought he looked again to her. She was sitting there drooped into a muse. He saw a tear fall, and his heart flared hot. He saw for the first time that one of her shoulders was quite uncovered, one arm bare, he could see one of her small breasts; dimly, because it had become almost dark in the room.

"Why are you crying?" he asked in an altered voice.

She looked up at him, and behind her tears the consciousness of her situation for the first time brought a dark look of shame to her eyes.

"I'm not crying, really," she said, watching him half frightened.

He reached his hand, and softly closed it on her bare arm.

"I love you! I love you!" he said in a soft, low, vibrating voice, unlike himself.

She shrank, and dropped her head. The soft, penetrating grip of his hand on her arm distressed her. She looked up at him.

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" I want to go," she said, " I want to go and get you some dry things."

" Why? " he said. " I'm all right."

" But I want to go," she said. " And I want you to change your things."

He released her arm, and she wrapped herself in the blanket, looking at him rather frightened. And still she did not rise.

" Kiss me," she said wistfully.

He kissed her but briefly, half in anger.

Then, after a second, she rose nervously, all mixed up in the blanket. He watched her in her confusion, as she tried to extricate herself and wrap herself up so that she could walk. He watched her relentlessly, as she knew. And as she went, the blanket trailing, and as he saw a glimpse of her feet and her white leg, he tried to remember her as she was when he had wrapped her in the blanket. But he didn't want to remember, because she had been nothing to him then, and his nature revolted from remembering what she was when she was nothing to him.

A tumbling, muffled noise from within the dark house startled him. Then he heard her voice: " There are clothes." He rose and went to the foot of the stairs, and gathered up the garments she had thrown down. Then he came back to the fire, to rub himself down and dress. He grinned at his own appearance when he had finished.

The fire was sinking, so he put on coal. The house was now quite dark, save for the light of a street-lamp that shone in faintly from beyond the holly trees. He lit the gas with matches he found on the mantelpiece. Then he emptied the pockets of his own clothes, and threw all his wet things in a heap into the scullery. After which he gathered up her sodden clothes, gently, and put them in a separate heap on the copper-top in the scullery.

It was six o'clock on the clock. His own watch had stopped. He ought to go back to the surgery. He waited, and still she did not come down. So he went to the foot of the stairs and called:

" I shall have to go."

Almost immediately he heard her coming down. She had on her best dress of black voile, and her hair was

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tidy, but still damp. She looked at him—and, in spite of herself, smiled.

"I don't like you in those clothes," she said.

"Do I look a sight?" he answered.

They were shy of one another.

"I'll make you some tea," she said.

"No, I must go."

"Must you?" And she looked at him again with the wide, strained, doubtful eyes. And again, from the pain of his breast, he knew how he loved her. He went and bent to kiss her, gently, passionately, with his heart's painful kiss.

"And my hair smells so horrible," she murmured in distraction. "And I'm so awful, I'm so awful! Oh, no, I'm too awful," and she broke into bitter, heart-broken sobbing. "You can't want to love me, I'm horrible."

"Don't be silly, don't be silly," he said, trying to comfort her, kissing her, holding her in his arms. "I want you, I want to marry you; we're going to be married, quickly, quickly—to-morrow if I can."

But she only sobbed terribly, and cried:

"I feel awful. I feel awful. I feel I'm horrible to you."

"No, I want you, I want you," was all he answered, blindly, with that terrible intonation which frightened her almost more than her horror lest he should *not* want her.

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Married Women (ii)*

In the Past—Enslaved
In the Present—Struggling
In the Future—Free

By Dr. Marie Stopes

In the Present—Struggling.

Marriage and Motherhood do not necessarily go together, though generally they do. The "naturally" unnatural human motherhood pictured in the first article, which has so universally resulted in the mother's dependence on her husband for her food and shelter has led to an unconscious trade union feeling in women that permanent "keep" is the "minimum wage" of motherhood. Consequently those who have children outside wedlock, being "blacklegs" to the social order, have been treated mercilessly until recently. The Married Woman's recent awakening to her condition of slavery has roused in her mingled feelings, partly of envy and partly of commiseration towards that section of her sex still called, with bated breath, "the fallen." Yet a queer, humorous, ironic light is shed on the enslaved condition of the "honoured" married mother by the contrasted condition of the unmarried in our present state of England.

When dealing with the unmarried mother the recent Birth Rate Commission devoted an afternoon to hearing evidence on the position of the illegitimate child. Mrs. Bramwell Booth stated to the Commission: "The father of a child born in wedlock has an absolute right to the custody of the child, however young, and even against the will of the mother. The law gives him power to take an infant from the mother's breast." She then went on without comment or without apparent horror to state that "The subsequent marriage of the parents [of an illegitimate child] ought to make the child legitimate."

Yet under our present laws the only mother who has

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any rights in her own offspring is the mother of the illegitimate child. The legitimate child of a married woman, the child to whom she has given her vitality, of whom she has borne the burden for nine months before its birth, for whom she has suffered the worst pangs of anguish, and to whom she gives years of incessant care, can be taken from her by a man who has been through a legal ceremony with her, taken his pleasure of her once or twice, been drunken, negligent, or absconding, and yet can remove her child from her and place it where he will. When, cross-examining as a Commissioner, I asked whether, instead of reducing the unmarried mother's rights in her child so as to make them a lowly parallel to those of the married mother, we should not give to the wife the more powerful position of the illegitimate mother, I was told: " If a woman chooses a man whom she considers worthy to be the father of her children, she ought to be quite happy to leave the custody of the children to that father." She *ought* to be quite happy! Of course she ought, and so ought a man who gives a child to a woman to maintain towards them both a lifelong tenderness and devoted service. But the laws should be made to protect us from scoundrels, and in this matter they are still made on the assumption of a woman's abject subservience to the husband. Within the last few weeks paragraphs have appeared in our daily papers about a woman who appealed to the Courts to give her her daughter, whom she desired to protect against a drunken father, but even in such a case the law protects the ownership and the property in his child of a worthless man.

The better world, which we are beginning dimly to perceive, can only be achieved through more rational treatment of women and their children. The struggle towards it has been going on now for two or three generations, so already the majority of respectable citizens are the children of partly awakened mothers who have instilled into them some at least of the new standards of human conduct. Hence to-day, in the majority of decent homes, the husband and father is immensely better than he is permitted to be by the law.

This leads to a confusion of mind in those who " rescue " unmarried mothers, because as things are to-day

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the majority of the unmarried mothers are women who have been wronged by men *below* the average of our good citizens, and so to tie them legally to such men and place their children in their power would seldom be to the advantage of the wronged women. A further confusion of thought arises from the fact that married women as a whole have not yet perceived that it is the married woman who more urgently even than her unmarried sister requires to be rescued from the shackles of her slavery and given at least the elementary rights of motherhood in the young of her own body.

A case I know throws a fantastic light on our current society. A man and woman who had a child before wedlock married, and then had five other children in wedlock —the result being that the eldest, a girl, is the legal property of her mother, the five younger children the legal property of the father. The man is a worthless, selfish, and lazy creature, ill-treating his young children, sending them to beg and work, providing them with insufficient food, beating them at his pleasure, but he never dares to lay his finger on the eldest girl, and she is well fed, the mother saying: "Well, I will have one decent child at least, and she is mine and you can't touch her." The mother, otherwise disheartened, devotes her own little earnings to treating the one child that is *her own* in the way a child should be treated.

This, of course, is the reverse of the usual picture of the relative positions of legitimate and illegitimate children, but that it is possible in our community reveals the slave chains still on married women, which we are apt to forget because they are generally covered by an acquired decency on the part of men, which exceeds the standard demanded by law.

Women have first struggled for the obvious and tangible, and their success in getting the Parliamentary vote has not yet resulted in the deeper and more fundamental changes in the legal and social position of married women which are essential if humanity is to progress.

Our English-speaking sisters in America are more generously treated by the Laws of Property and Custody of Children than we are here, but their motherhood in the eyes of the law is even less voluntary than it is in this

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country. There a law has deliberately forged the chains of ignorance about motherhood and enforced upon American women the slavery of total ignorance or the alternative of breaking the laws of their country. Many break these laws, but by law the mother is ignorant and, therefore, weak, utterly at the mercy of the pleasure of the man in whose hands she has chanced to place her life.

Cutting still deeper even than the *Laws* concerning her child-bearing are the profounder social institutions which wrong the married woman. She has listened meekly and unprotesting to statements such as have been made by physicians and clergy to the effect that a woman who takes pleasure in intercourse with her husband is abnormal or wicked! Coerced and bullied, not only into yielding herself whenever her husband desires to exercise his " rights " or to enjoy his pleasure, even if she be quivering with loathing or in risk of her life, she has been even more profoundly injured by the imposition put upon her that, in this relation, she is at best a willing instrument, a passive handmaid, and not an active partner in the marital rite. That vocal public opinion which is made up of the complex of a thousand opinions of thinkers and writers (almost without exception male) has allotted to her a passive or frigid *rôle*, and then turned and taunted her with it. She has been coerced not only into playing an unnaturally passive part, but has had to endure meekly the taunts of vocal young cynics, who have gibed at the potential mother because, with all her wonderful creative experience, she does not express in literature the feelings and experiences through which she has passed. Taunted that she has contributed nothing of any value to the monumental pile of literary outpourings on her sex, she has been misunderstood or insulted when she has done so.

She has been jeered at, scorned, made use of, sneered at, reviled, coerced by every type of man—and now at last she has arisen—not in the anger which would be easy enough to excuse, but gently and with a comprehending love to explain to man that at last, after all these ages, during which perhaps her meekness has served humanity, she sees that she is not the only sufferer from these presumptions of her male children. Now woman is arising, and in the might of her creative nature will knock off these

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shackles of the past enslavement and be herself. She will be as spontaneous and loving a mate to man as the wild mandarin duck to his lifelong mate; she is demanding to be his willing and joyous co-partner in the great act of union and the still greater act of creation, and no longer to be a helpless tool or blind instrument of chance.

Springing up all over the civilised world are women individually proud, free, and joy-giving, but also all around us, although sporadically, the shackles are again tightening on the married woman. She and she alone among human beings is to be interfered with in the choice of her profession or her trade, *because* she is married. The climax of this retrograde absurdity is reached when a woman doctor practising as an expert in a maternity and ante-natal clinic marries, and at last, therefore, qualifies for her task, and is dismissed because she is married!

The hydra-headed monster of oppression springs up in ever new and fantastic shapes, but in spite of incidental hindrance and local retrogression, since its inception life on this world has ever evolved, and the progress of the mother-woman to her true position of unfolded power and freedom is inevitable. We may guide, we cannot thwart that power. What form of expression do we want it to take?

(*To be continued.*)

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Gentlemen *v.* Players

A CRITIC MATCH

With some Conversation about the 'Nineties.

By Ada Leverson

SCENE: *Room in a house in Poriman Square. Decorations by* BAKST. *Pictures by* WYNDHAM LEWIS, PICASSO, *and* GAUGIN. *Music by* GOOSSENS *and* STRAVINSKY. *Books by* WYNDHAM LEWIS, PROUST, STEPHEN HUDSON, T. S. ELIOT, OSBERT SITWELL, *and* ZOLA.

TIME: *Tea-time. A spring day.*

PERSONS: GEORGE, *a pink, square man in the Cavalry.*
AUBREY, *his host. A man of leisure. Well dressed, slightly grey on the temples.*
(GEORGE *has just arrived on a visit.* AUBREY *is smoking a cigarette after* GEORGE'S *journey.*)

GEORGE (*taking up a small scarlet book*). Poetry's rot. At least, most poetry is. I learnt "My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills." I never got any further.

AUBREY. Our parents, innocent of psycho-analysis, did us no good with their nursery rhymes. I'm always afraid of fire on board ship still. Early impressions! "*Casabianca.*"

GEORGE. And why get the wind up about him at this time of day? Stokers know their job . . . Casabianca was a crasher.

AUBREY. What's that?

GEORGE. A frightful bore.

AUBREY (*after a moment*). Have you ever heard of Freud or Jung, George?

GEORGE. Never. And I don't care if I never do. Foreigners are fools.

AUBREY. That book is by an Englishman. Ever heard of the Sitwells?

GEORGE. Never.

AUBREY. Of T. S. Eliot?—of Ezra Pound?—of James

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Joyce? (GEORGE *shakes his head.*) Have you ever heard of Wyndham Lewis?

GEORGE. No.

AUBREY. You have a special gift for not knowing what's going on! It's genius. You read a newspaper through and know nothing that was in it, except something about games.

GEORGE. Quite. I don't pretend to be literary. But I enjoy hearing you gassing and carrying on like one o'clock about art and what not. How are things?

AUBREY. Things are hopeful. That little book is a scarlet sepulchre—a mausoleum. It's Tennyson's grave.

GEORGE. Someone always is dead when I come to see you. Old Tennyson! So he's gone too, has he? Well, well! . . . poor chap! I used to like "Half a league, half a league onward."

AUBREY. An effort is being made to explode the false sentimental ideas about Nature in bad poetry. There's a feeling against the lavish use of birds, flowers, and other properties in verse. One swallow—as Osbert Sitwell observes—does not make a poem. This movement is specially directed against the "mellow ousel" (whatever that mysterious animal may be), rooks, robins, and, of course, against larks of all kinds.

GEORGE. I'm fed up with birds myself, except for shooting. At my people's in the country the nightingales make such a row you can't hear yourself speak. You can hear them from the billiard-room. It puts me off my stroke.

AUBREY. How surprised Keats would be! We want our budding poets to learn that England is not a mere aviary. We are tired of these feathered fiends. How far does the repetition of such words as "Tu-whit, Tu-whoo" really carry us? . . .

GEORGE. I suppose it matters?

AUBREY. We have no objection to birds in their proper place—in the bush. (*Quotes from book.*) "Humble landscapes, with humble birds, proud landscapes with proud birds."

GEORGE (*abruptly*). Do you think peacock's feathers are unlucky?

AUBREY (*patiently*). May I finish what I was saying, George, or shall we talk of something else?

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GEORGE. Get on with it.

AUBREY. In the 'nineties a volume of this kind would have been bound in green leather with gold tooling, and would have consisted chiefly of margin. It might have been all margin; full of beautiful unwritten thoughts. There would have been one limited edition on Japanese paper—five hundred copies for particular friends, six for the general public, and one for America. Now there are poets by the thousand, instead of a small exclusive set. Whether there was ever a golden age I don't know, but certainly the 'nineties were the dog-days of English poetry. How sultry and exotic they were! (*Reads from the book.*) "The Flame-of-life was ground out of English poetry at the end of the last century. Poetry was buried beneath wreaths of roses, crosses of lilies, and sickly bouquets of strong-smelling flowers." Most people who write about the 'nineties either weren't there, or knew nothing about them.

GEORGE. When was it?

AUBREY. They began in 1893, reached an acute stage in '95, and some of them are going on still.

GEORGE. Stout fellows!

AUBREY. But now things seem to me more vivid, more full of colour and spirit than that curious period ever was. Poor old Futurism, too! Well! It's had its day, George. The present is what matters. Now. This moment!

GEORGE (*soothingly*). That's all right, old chap. . . . Do you ever go for a brisk walk, Aubrey?

AUBREY (*not listening*). Atmospheric effects are not ignored by the true poets, nor is the animal kingdom. Lions, apes, camelopards. . . .

GEORGE (*brightly*). Did you say camisoles?

AUBREY. I'm afraid you're getting a little deaf. Zebras, striped tigers, and so forth.

GEORGE (*suddenly cheering up*). Well, if you ask me, I think this chap's a sport! I'm all for him. . . . Do the papers like him?

AUBREY. The reviewers never meet anything new, especially in poetry, except with question; and frequently with insult. Didn't they drive Keats to Italy, Byron to Greece, Swinburne to Putney? . . .

GEORGE (*on firmer ground*). Putney! I was down

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there yesterday. Watching the practice of the crews. They were both out at the same time.

AUBREY (*vague*). Both out? . . . Practice? . . .

GEORGE. Yes, for the race. (*Kindly.*) Ever heard of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, old thing? Well, Oxford's going to win. See?

AUBREY (*sobered by* GEORGE'S *attitude*). Indeed. I'm very glad.

GEORGE. Well, and how about Einstein? You were awfully keen on his sculpture last time I saw you. Is *he* still alive?

AUBREY. Epstein? (*Pauses. Looks at his watch.*) We're dining at eight, George. Shall I show you your room?

GEORGE. Righto! (*He walks round the room and stops, startled, in front of a picture.*) I say, Aubrey!

AUBREY. Well?

GEORGE (*in a voice of alarm*). What's this? Is it very fine?

AUBREY. It is, indeed. But I shouldn't worry about it, George. I should just leave it.

GEORGE. Shut up. I like it. What is it? Is it a wardrobe?

AUBREY. It's a portrait of an elderly lady.

GEORGE. Is it, though? Well, you never know!

(*George walks to piano.*)

GEORGE. Ah! now that's a thing I am keen on—music. Do you know, I've seen *The Gondoliers* thirty-one times since the revival?

(*Pause.*)

AUBREY. Wonderful how a man can describe himself in one sentence!

(*They go upstairs talking.*)

THE END.

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Rien Ne Va Plus

A Thumbnail Sketch for a Novel, "Pillars of Salt."

By Arthur Mills

From the steps of the Casino he caught sight of electric-lit letters spelling the word "Florian's."

Muttering to himself, "Any time will do. I may as well spend my last 200 francs first," he walked across the road, pushed open the swing doors under the sign, and entered the restaurant.

He was evidently well known. The head waiter bustled across the room as soon as he appeared.

"Good evening, sir. I have kept your table. You would like something specially nice for supper? I hope you have won."

The young man nodded. "Yes, I would like something good. Some oysters, cold wild duck, and——" He broke off to watch a couple dancing in the middle of the room.

The man was one of the professional dancers attached to the establishment. His partner was a very pretty girl with reddish-brown hair. Cardew's eyes were attracted to her feet. Little tiny feet in silver brocade shoes and pink silk stockings. He had never seen feet move more gracefully to music. The band broke into an infectious, merry air. The dancing grew faster. Watching the girl's movements, Cardew smiled at the sheer joy of what he saw. Then he raised his head and met her eyes, twinkling straight into his own.

"Antoine, who is that girl? I haven't seen her before." He touched the head waiter's elbow, nodding in the direction of the pair dancing.

"She is new. She came this week from Nice. She is to be *professionnelle* here."

"How many professional dancers are you going to have?" asked Cardew. "You've got three girls and two men already."

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Antoine smiled. "We must keep ourselves gay." He nudged Cardew confidentially on the arm. "She is a very good dancer; shall I present you to her?"

Cardew hesitated a moment. He had only the 200 francs. The girl would want something for herself if he danced with her, and there would be supper to pay for. Yet, dash it all, to-night, of all nights, he did not see why he should deny himself anything. He would take a chance of the money lasting.

"You will find her very nice," Antoine assured him.

"Righto! I'd like a dance."

The introduction was effected when the next tune began. As Antoine had said, the girl was very nice; she was, moreover, a beautiful dancer. Cardew had not enjoyed a dance so much for a long time. At the end of the tune he led her back to his table, and while the waiter was filling their glasses took a closer look at her.

She had wide, pretty lips, which had been unevenly coloured with lip salve. Her eyes were dark grey, merry and young. Her reddish-brown hair might, or might not, have a touch of dye in it. The predominating thing about her was her obvious youth. He had felt it as they danced. Unlike the ordinary, rather jaded, professional dancer, she enjoyed dancing.

"Tell me, what is your name?" he asked.

"Suzette," she answered, rummaging in her hand-bag for her powder-puff.

"Suzette! That is pretty. My name is Tony."

"Toni! That is pretty, too." She had found her powder-puff, and dabbed her nose—a straight little nose with just a suspicion of a tilt.

Cardew looked at her face again. Not a hard line anywhere. She could only be beginning this restaurant life.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen. You are older than me?"

Cardew laughed. "I should say so. I am twenty-five."

"*Vingt-cinq!* That is not very old."

He raised his glass to her. "Here's luck, Suzette."

"*Bonne chance*, Toni." She drank half her champagne.

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" *Bonne chance*," he repeated, with a short little laugh.

The band broke into the opening bar of the next dance. She clapped her hands together gaily. " Ah, it is ' Mibroukee.' We will dance? "

" Mibroukee " was the tune of the moment. It was the sort of tune that everybody wants to dance to—wholly irresistible. Cardew lost all count of everything as he danced with Suzette. She gave herself up so completely to the music that she seemed to be a part of himself. This time when the band stopped they said nothing. There was no need for any words. It had just been a wonderful dance.

As they sat down Cardew noticed that she put her hand for a moment to her forehead, and that there were the beginnings of faint signs of tiredness about her eyes. " Poor kiddy," he thought, " she ought to be in bed at this hour."

" Have some more champagne? "

" Thank you—a little." She looked at a watch fastened to her dress. " Excuse me—I must go and make a little commission. I will come back in a few minutes."

" Mind you do," he said, as she pushed back her chair.

She laughed at him. " I'll come back, Toni, sure."

When she had gone Cardew drank down two glasses of wine in quick succession, and beckoned to the waiter. " Another," he said, pointing to the ice pail.

He pulled his note case out of his pocket, and counted the edges of the notes with his forefinger. He had sufficient to pay for the extra bottle of champagne. " Be pretty rough luck if I hadn't," he said to himself, and smiled in the same whimsical way he had smiled when he lost his last stake at the Sporting Club.

" She dance well—*n'est-ce pas?* "

He looked up and saw Antoine standing at his table. Antoine no doubt expected a substantial tip for the introduction.

" She is wonderful—moves so beautifully," Cardew agreed.

" Like a fairy. She is young--vairy young—eet is a pity."

" What is a pity? " Cardew inquired shortly.

Antoine appeared to think better of a remark that was on the tip of his tongue. He rubbed his plump hands

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together. "The life in these cafés is not always very wholesome. But she is a nice girl, I do not think it will hurt her."

"Or care either, you old blighter, as long as she helps to make your restaurant pay," thought Cardew to himself. "No, I'm blowed if I'll give you a tip for introducing her to me."

Antoine moved on, leaving Cardew to his reflections. They were peculiar reflections for a young man of twenty-five. They must have affected his expression, for a few minutes later he heard a voice say: "You have a sad air!"

"Hullo, you are back again. Well, have you done your commission?"

Suzette nodded. She looked fresher than she had done a few minutes before. Evidently she had been preening herself in the cloak-room. Her eyes sparkled so brightly that Cardew wondered if she had been putting belladonna into them.

"Oh, la! la!" She pointed to the fresh bottle of champagne in the ice basket.

A waiter stepped forward and filled her glass. She drank the wine in two gulps, and laughed across the table at her companion.

"You'll have headache in the morning." He shook his finger at her.

"I don't care about the morning. To-night I will be happy."

"I feel that way myself," said Cardew, reaching out for the champagne bottle.

"Quick! The music begins. We must not miss the dance." Suzette shook her shoulders in time to the opening bars.

If she had danced well before, she surpassed herself that dance. She threw her whole heart and soul into the crazy movements. Her manner infected her partner. He, too, started to dance as he had never danced before. He forgot all about the people in the room, all about everything, except the girl in his arms. How warm, and live, and wonderful she was—and what a tune! Nothing else existed or mattered.

The music died away. They stood still a moment in the middle of the floor. He heard the sound of clapping.

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Everybody else had stopped dancing and had been watching them. It amused him to think that he had probably been taken for a professional. The band played an encore, and once more they danced. Then they went back to their table.

Suzette sank down. She was panting a little. The waiter did not need to be told to refill both their glasses.

She looked at her watch. " It is late," she said, " this place shuts at three. They will only play one more dance."

A sudden chill seized Cardew's heart. One more dance! They had a mournful ring, those three words. He could not bear the idea of saying good-bye to her yet.

" I don't want to go home," he said, looking at Suzette.

" We need not, there is another place I know."

" Capital—we will go to it." Then he caught sight of the bill folded on the plate. He raised the edge of the paper and looked at it. When it was paid he would have forty francs left. This he knew he ought to give to Suzette, for dancing was, after all, her profession. They could not very well go anywhere else.

He paid the bill, and, crumpling the two twenty-franc notes in his hand, slipped them on to Suzette's lap.

" That is the end of the *galette*. I am afraid we cannot go anywhere else."

For a moment she did not understand. Then, as his meaning became clear, her face broke into the most delightful smile. She took up the notes and stuffed them into his coat pocket.

" There will be plenty: we need not drink champagne at the place I will show you."

" But for yourself, I mean. There will be nothing left for you."

" I do not care—to-night I am not *professionnelle*. I enjoy myself. Another evening you can pay to dance with me."

Cardew was pleased that she should have spoken as she had, but a sense of fairness made him demur still.

" It's very nice of you to put it like that—but you will not see me after to-night."

" Then to-night we will make as long as possible."

" Right—I am yours till the sun rises."

" And I, too."

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The sky was wonderfully clear as they left Florian's. A round, full moon made the little town under the hillside glitter like a snow city. Another two hours and it would be dawn. Already the stars seemed larger, brighter, and nearer the earth. Away to the east, out over the sea, the deep velvet blueness of the sky changed to a lighter hue. Presently, somewhere out there, the sun would rise.

As he walked up the street with his arm through Suzette's, Cardew cast a glance behind him at this lighter patch of sky, and gave a shake of his shoulders as though he would rid himself of a thought.

"Oh, how it is cold," said Suzette, snuggling closer to him.

"Never mind, we'll soon be dancing again and get warm. Here, take my muffler." He pulled a scarf from his neck and wrapped it round her, tucking the ends under the corner of her coat. She looked very slim and childish as she stood there while he did this.

"Poor little kid," he thought, "damned shame of anybody ever to have let her start this life. Monte Carlo is no place for a girl of her age to be alone in, professional dancer or not." Aloud he said: "There you are, little one—that will keep you warm."

"You are nice," she said, pressing his hand gratefully, "it will be only a few minutes now, and we shall be there."

Albert's was a smaller establishment than Florian's. Two long plush seats ran down either side of the room, in front of which were placed rows of small tables. The centre of the room was used for dancing. The band was at the far end, and behind the band again there was a bar. The hour was so late that only a few people besides the band were left. These for the most part sat lolling over their tables and the remains of drinks. A girl with black hair, frizzed and bobbed like a golliwog's, was dancing with a man in a day suit. Upon the arrival of the newcomers the band, which had been playing lethargically, broke into one of the tunes they had heard at Florian's.

Cardew slipped his arm round Suzette. Though she kept perfect time, and moved as lightly as ever, Cardew was conscious of a subtle change in her. The hand that lay in his was cold; her body felt as though all the animation had left it. Looking down into her eyes, he saw the

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brightness had gone out of them. They had a queer, dead look.

" You are tired," he said to her as they sat down. " I think it is time you went home."

" I am not tired," she answered with a little smile. " In a minute I will do a dance for you, and you will see."

" I don't think you had better dance any more," he answered. Even as he spoke he smiled at the futility of his remark. Of what use was it for him to try to do anything for her? He would never see her again after that night. What did one night more or less matter? Why, anyway, should he think or worry about anybody? Yet, in spite of himself, she had aroused in some queer way his protective instincts.

" Where are you going? " he asked, as she rose.

" Just to the cloakroom for a minute."

" Thinks her appearance needs attention again, I suppose, after my remarks about her looking tired," he reflected. " Tired! Great Heavens! " He rested his head on his hands. " I hope she'll never know what it is to be tired as I am to-night. ' *Rien ne va plus,* ' " he murmured the words, " that's me."

He looked at his watch. Four o'clock—another hour, perhaps another hour and a half. Ugh! he shook himself. " I wish I'd never come on this tom-fool round of dancing places now. I'd have done better to have gone straight back to my hotel."

" Here, waiter! " he called, " get two coffees and a *fin champagne.* No, wait a minute, bring me the wine list." He looked hastily down the liqueurs. It was all right. A *fin* only cost five francs. He could afford it. " Yes, get me two coffees and a *fin,*" he repeated.

" Hullo! Why do you not order a *fin* for me, too? " said Suzette, reappearing by his side.

" I think a plain coffee is best for you," he answered. " By Jove, you are looking lots better. Do you mean to say that can all be done in the cloakroom? " He looked at Suzette in amazement. Her eyes sparkled once more. She held herself erect and jauntily. She had about her an air of being ready for any mischief, and as though the evening was only beginning instead of being nearly at an end.

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" Would you like to see me dance? " she asked, bending over the table, and putting her small, roguish face close to his.

" My dear," he laughed, and waved his hand protestingly, " we've been doing nothing else all the evening. I am not so young as I was an hour or two ago."

" You shall sit there. It is I who will dance. I will show you a dance you have never seen." She tripped away from him, whispered a few words to the leader of the band, and then stood out waiting in the middle of the room.

The music began, playful at first, light as gossamer. Suzette flitted round the room, pirouetting, standing on her toes, seeming to sink to the floor, only to rise in the air again. The half-dozen other occupants of the café watched her owlishly. It was a " stunt " of some sort; they had seen many such.

The music grew faster, and Suzette increased her speed. As she passed the band she clapped her hands and called out to the drummer. He threw her a tambourine. She caught it with her right hand, and brought it with a clash against her left. The music grew faster still. Suzette whirled the tambourine around her; now she would touch it in mid-air with her toe, now with her elbow, her hand, or the point of her shoulder. The speed at which she danced was terrific; she infected the band; they played like frenzied men. The proprietor stood at the end of the room watching her. He was thinking what an acquisition she would be to his café. The barman woke up and looked over the top of the bar. The rest of the guests were now fully aroused, and watching every step with appreciative eyes. The " stunt " was certainly of exceptional quality.

Cardew watched her in a sort of daze. He was unconscious of being in a café, or anywhere in particular. For him, during those moments, the whole universe consisted of Suzette. The mad tune and her riotous movements seemed to him oddly emblematical of his own life. She was dancing as he had lived. It was wonderful while it lasted, but the end could not be far off now. Down somewhere in his subconscious mind a strange dread seized his heart. If only that dance could go on for ever.

Crash! The music finished. The tambourine fell with a clatter to the floor. There was a burst of applause. He

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saw Suzette coming towards their table. She sank down beside him. Her breathing was fast and unnatural.

" My heart! " she said.

He put his hand on her heart. It was beating with great thumping, rapid beats.

" My dear," he put his arm round her, " you shouldn't have danced so hard." Her head fell forward. The next moment her face was buried against his shoulder, and he felt her body lying strangely still in his arms.

Very gently he put his left hand on her forehead, pressing back her head, so that he could see her face. Her eyes were closed; her pretty lower lip had dropped, showing her white, small teeth. Good Heavens! What had happened?

The proprietor came running up. They laid her back against the corner of the seat, putting a cushion under her head. The proprietor bent over and put his ear anxiously to her heart. He looked up with an expression of relief upon his face. " She breathes; she will be better presently," he said.

" That dance was too much for her," said Cardew. The proprietor gave an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

" I do not think it is the dancing," he said.

" What is it then? " said the other shortly.

The proprietor picked up her bag, which lay upon the table, and pulled out a small blue paper packet. He unwrapped one end of the packet and poured some white powder into his hand. He sniffed the powder gingerly.

" Cocaine! " he said.

" What do you mean? Has she poisoned herself? "

The proprietor shrugged his shoulders. " I do not think that. She takes a little now and then to keep her spirits up—many of the girls do—their life is hard, night after night."

Various incidents in the evening occurred to Cardew's mind. Suzette's moments of strange lassitude—the commission she said she must go out and do at Florian's—her disappearance into the cloakroom—her fits of amazing vivacity.

He looked at her little face lying so white and drawn against the cushion. A feeling of infinite pity and tenderness came over him. He sat down beside her, putting his

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arm round her. He turned her head so that her face buried itself against his shoulder.

"You poor little thing," he said softly.

"The drug has affected her," said the proprietor. "She will be better presently. You can leave her here, and I will see she is taken safely home."

Cardew considered. The affair had caused a complication of a wholly unforeseen nature. For a moment he half decided to go away and leave her to the care of the proprietor. But the sight of her shook this resolution. By gad, she was more down and out than he was. He shuddered to think of her youth and future that lay before her. Monte Carlo was a cold, brutal place. No helping hand was likely to be held out to her. If it was the only decent thing he had ever done, he must try and do something for this child before he blew out his own brains.

"I will take her back—do you know where she lives?" he said shortly.

The proprietor looked again in her bag and found a visiting card. He handed the card to Cardew. "As you will, M'sieur. It is quite near."

For him the incident was evidently not of much consequence.

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THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

The Contemporary Theatre

By Hermon Ould

Mr. Robert Atkins at the Old Vic is not only attempting, but actually performing, tasks which have been shelved as impossible by most of those who rent our theatres. True, there would seem to be no good reason why *Peer Gynt* should be regarded as high-brow: it is current reading in the country of its origin and has for years been one of the most popular plays in Germany; but the fact remains that it was written fifty years ago and stood in danger of never being adequately performed in this country until Mr. Atkins, pursuing the courageous policy which gave us *Pericles*, *Wat Tyler*, and *Advent*, decided to scorn the doubters and follow his own bent. *Timon of Athens* and a play by Molière will be later items of a remarkable season.

It may be admitted that Mr. Atkins has certain special advantages. He has at his command a public which will remain loyal to him so long as he does not let them down. It is a public used to plays conceived on a grand scale, who are not made uneasy by the expression of exalted and grandiose sentiment, but rather expect it; who enjoy boisterous fun without shame and listen to subtler humour without resentment, if not with appreciation. *Peer Gynt* has proved to be after the Old Vic patron's own heart. It is, indeed, after the heart of any playgoer whom much boredom has not rendered *blasé* and insensible. This unfolding of a life before our eyes is the most vigorous, lovable, laughable, wistful, and magical thing in modern literature. We wonder how Ibsen dared to do it, we who are so much concerned with form, the unities, poise, and development. One recalls the subtle refinements of *Rosmersholm*, that distilled essence of a brew the waste products of which would equip most playwrights for life, and one turns to this fantastical dramatic poem, loosely held together by the thread of a wayward personality, and

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marvels that the two works should have come from the same hand. The production at the Old Vic is not flawless, but one is so amazed and so grateful that the play should have been produced at all, that even just criticism seems churlish. The title-*rôle* is a long and exacting part needing for its interpretation an actor of genius. It is not easy for the same actor to portray with equal verisimilitude the exuberance of the youthful Peer, the cynical self-befuddled Peer of middle age, and the shattered and disillusioned Peer of old age; and it cannot be said that Mr. Russell Thorndike was uniformly successful. He was at his best in the middle section of the play, when his rather rasping voice suited the outpouring of conscious and unconscious cynicism which Ibsen provided. In the first section Peer the lying good-for-nothing received more emphasis than Peer the dreamer, a figure of romance—a reversal, this, of the true values. Mr. Thorndike's performance had the great merit of "getting over." His words were always readily audible, the intention of his "business" always clear. Miss Florence Buckton as Aase was inclined to be too shrill in the first part of the play, but died beautifully in one of the most touching scenes ever written. The rest of the cast capably fulfilled the author's intentions and the setting frequently achieved beauty by the simplest of means. *Peer Gynt* is unthinkable without Grieg's music. Much of it, threadbare in concert performance, attains real significance in its appointed context. Has any other composer made better use of such humble little four-bar themes?

The Stage Society must be congratulated upon its perspicacity in producing Luigi Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. This is a play which a commercial manager might excusably regard as outside his province, and until we have endowed theatres it is left to private societies like the Stage Society to give us an opportunity of seeing uncommercial plays. *Six Characters in Search of an Author* interests for many reasons. Intrinsically, because it seizes and holds the attention to the end. Technically, because it is one of the few instances of an author using the only possible medium for the expression of his theme: it is essentially of the theatre. The substance of most plays could have been moulded in the form of a novel, a story, a poem, a blue-book. Pirandello's theme could only have been written down as a play. The point is not

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without importance. Some of us are often at pains to maintain that the theatre is not a hotch-potch of all the other arts, but is itself an art. Pirandello's play will provide a useful illustration.

Picture a dismantled stage and a rehearsal in progress. Enter six persons who claim that they are characters created by their author but not expressed; he, doubting the adequacy of the theatre to body forth the subtleties of his creation, has left them unfulfilled, and here they are, claiming the right to reach their destiny in accordance with the potentialities implicit in their being. Their story is a sordid one, but full of the stuff of drama. The producer is induced to abandon his rehearsal and consider the possibility of allowing these six unhappy creatures to work out their fate through the medium of his characters. The play is described as a comedy, and indeed it is plentifully bestrewn with humour; but in its outcome and in its implications it is a tragedy. At the very least it is an indictment of the modern theatre—the theatre which aims at imitating life and succeeds in caricaturing it. This may be all the author meant; but I felt that underlying the attack on the inadequacy of the theatre was an attack on the very scheme of the universe. These Six Characters were mankind knocking at the gates of High Heaven and demanding an explanation from the Almighty of their predestined inadequacy. Be its esoteric significance what it may, the play was unusually stimulating and was splendidly acted. Mr. Franklyn Dyall showed his accustomed command of a difficult part, and Miss Muriel Pratt proved that, given the chance, she can act with the subtlest understanding. A small boy, Freddy Peisley, whose *rôle* it was to say no word, but to convey by movement and expression the brooding gloom of a pathologically morbid adolescence, succeeded uncannily well. At the conclusion of the performance Mr. Kennedy announced that the Stage Society would be unable to proceed with its work if some £400 were not forthcoming. This is an appeal which the intellectuals cannot afford to pass unheeded.

The International Theatre Exhibition, which started its career at Amsterdam, is to be transferred to the Victoria and Albert Museum and will be open free to the public. The Director, Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith, is to be congratulated upon this public-spirited innovation.

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The New Amateur Movement in Manchester

By A. E. Garrett

In no branch of the Arts is the division between the professional and the amateur so clearly marked as in the art of the theatre. In literature the dividing line hardly exists; in painting and in music it becomes fainter every year; but in the theatre the professional and the amateur have always lived in separate worlds.

That amateur actors have always been subjected to a certain good-humoured scorn has been very much their own fault; until recently their main pursuit was " fun "—fun for themselves and more doubtful fun for their friends in the audience. Whither the professional theatre in its lighter moods went they would go, content merely to worship and to copy its easiest successes.

To-day, however, the paralysis of the professional theatre in the provinces has changed the situation. The older playhouses, unable to pay their way, go down like ninepins before the onslaughts of the cinema, and even in a large city like Manchester the legitimate drama finds itself practically homeless. There is nevertheless a minority whom the cinema sends empty away, and who, having tasted the joys of repertory fare, refuse to be put upon a diet of revue. Their demands have awakened amateurs to a sense of their responsibility, and everywhere dramatic societies with more serious aims are springing up—societies who are prepared to sacrifice " fun " for hard work.

A Manchester critic said only recently that it was galling to a playgoer, who in former days could be sure of having at least *one* good play to hand, to have to chase out into the wilds of the suburbs or the slums in order to see really exciting plays done—and well done—in schoolrooms, or church halls. This is at once a challenge to the professional theatre and a tribute to the amateur. Much can un-

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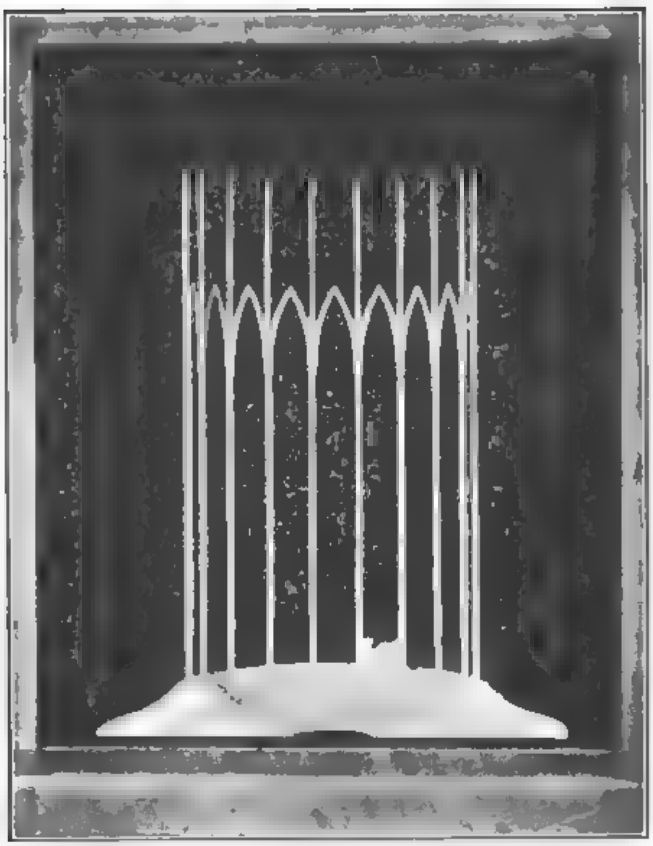

Model by Robert Edmond Jones
for Maurice Maeterlinck's The
Seven Princesses.

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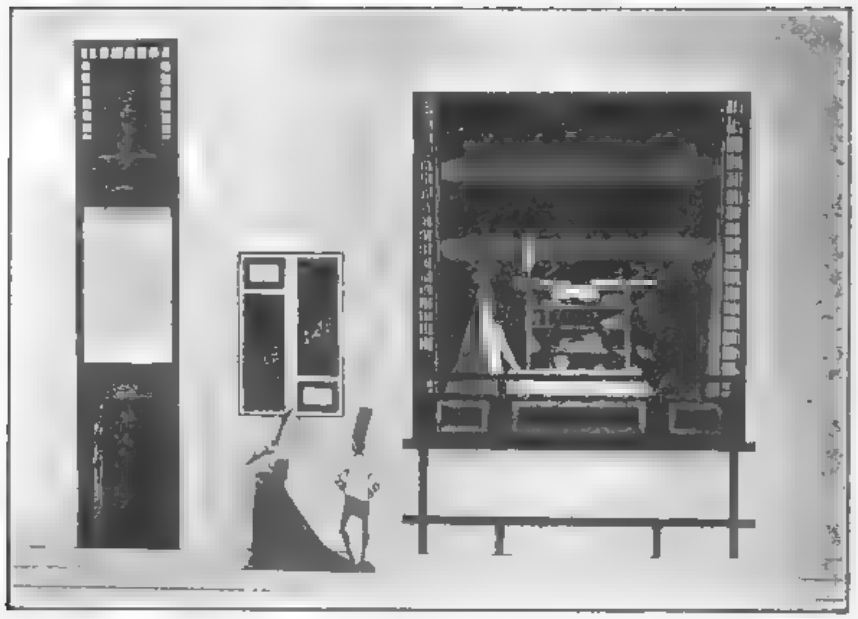

Design by Robert Edmond Jones for Anatole France's The Man who Married a Dumb Wife.

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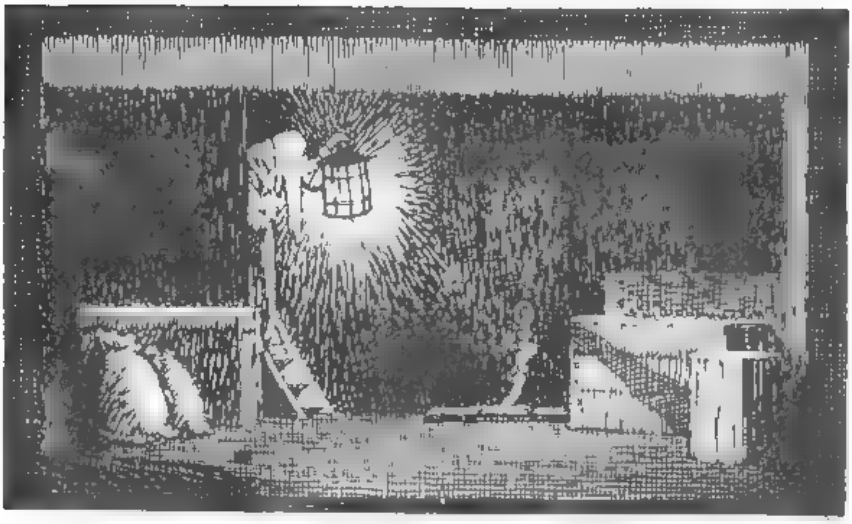

Setting by William Grimmond for Geoffrey Whitworth's Father Noah.
(The Unnamed Society, Manchester.)

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Costume design by Lilian Reburn :
Arlekin.
(The Unnamed Society,
Manchester.)

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doubtedly be done in the present hiatus by intelligent and purposeful amateurs working under proper direction; indeed, there are many who see in the activities of the more advanced dramatic groups the beginning of a new phase in the history of the Drama. Amateurs can experiment with new dramatic forms and with new ideas in presentation without incurring serious financial risks, and pioneer work of this kind is bound to be of enormous value to the stage of the future.

Manchester has had its full share in the making of recent theatrical history. It led the repertory movement through its early struggles into its heyday, and in the twilight of repertory it saw the first stirring of the new amateur movement in the formation of the Unnamed Society and the Lancashire Catholic Players.

The Unnamed Society was founded in 1916, in the darkest days of war, by a small group of people engaged —for the most part professionally—in various branches of the Arts, who set out upon the apparently hopeless quest of a more beautiful Manchester. Their first aim was to find some means of working together with a common purpose, and they decided upon Drama, the one art comprehensive enough to include them all. Their first production was a modest performance of *The Harlequin Bridge*, given at a Christmas gathering of the members at the Midland Hotel in 1916. There was no stage and no curtain. A plank thrown across two chairs—decently hidden behind a few decorative shrubs—represented the bridge, and the players simply stepped up and began.

The following year the Society settled in their present room in Deansgate, and here, with a cast of women, "indispensables," and C3 men, Mr. Sladen-Smith's *Bazhouka Meets the Gods* was produced (December, 1917). This was followed (December, 1918) by *Aladdin*, a decorative pantomime by the Society's president, Mr. L. Stanley Jast. Since then they have produced regularly each season.

From the beginning the Society set out to make experiments—to present plays which in the ordinary way the public would never see; and in this they have some affinity with the numerous Little Theatres of the United States. In their staging they have started from the very beginning and devised a scenic technique of their own, quite different

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from the methods of the professional theatre. They get their "atmosphere"—and they get it most effectively—by means of a few properties, simply and curiously decorated, arranged against the plain dark blue curtains which form the permanent background of their stage, and by a very skilful use of coloured lighting. Thus in *Paradise Perplexed*—a flippant and audacious jibe at the Heaven of the hymn-books—a large semi-circle of pale blue cardboard, sprinkled with golden flowers, was set in the centre of the stage, highly decorative golden trees were hung on each side of it, the whole was bathed in a pale amber light, and Heaven was revealed as a sweet scheme in blue and white and gold. Again, in *The Nod of Osiris*, a few greyish-white cubes piled together, with some richly coloured fabrics draped over them, and a huge image of Osiris standing at the back, carried one's thought to Egypt as effectively as any number of pyramids, pylons, and real crocodiles.

With this kind of *décor* much depends upon the costumes. These are specially designed and made for each production by the members themselves. The need for economy has taught them to discriminate between "important" and "unimportant," and to recognise the possibilities of cheap and simple materials when used with judgment and imagination.

Their work, of course, has its crudities and shortcomings, but they have had enough appreciation in Manchester to encourage them to continue in the path they have chosen.

The Lancashire Catholic Players, as their name implies, have rather definite limitations in their choice of plays, but this, far from being a source of weakness, has been a source of strength, giving to their work a character of its own, while the advantage of having a band of players deeply imbued with the Catholic tradition is shown in the exquisite sincerity of their religious productions.

Outside the city itself, the Altrincham, Stockport, and Marple Garrick Societies are doing much to invigorate the dramatic life of the Manchester district. The work of the pioneer group, the Stockport Garrick Society, is of course well known by now, and many recent productions by the Altrincham Garrick Society have been remarkable for the progressive character and general finish of the work.

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The Art of Robert Edmond Jones

By Horace Shipp

OCCASIONALLY in the theatre there appears a figure endowed with some mysterious sense of the art, who, approaching it from a specific angle, contributes his part with so sure a sense of the whole that stage-art takes new life at his hands. The actual approach may be literary, artistic, histrionic or some other. It succeeds because to this occasional comer there is an art of the theatre—not, that is to say, a mere coming together of arts and crafts which have a life of their own outside the theatre, but an art separate and distinct in itself, individual, coming into being only when there happen together the factors which go to make up a theatre. We have playwrights writing workmanlike plays, eminently actable and admirable, with a knowledge of the stage which never errs; we have decorators whose power over form and colour has been transferred to the stage, so that we cannot but respond to its charm; we have clever histrions whose work is a triumph of technique. But towering above these we have the artist of the theatre, thinking not of applied literature, applied decoration, acting, but of the theatre—the art which has the arts for handmaidens.

Such is Robert Edmond Jones.

The fifty designs and scene models which are on exhibition until the end of April at the Dorien Leigh Galleries at South Kensington, constituting though they do but a small part of his seven years' theatrical activity, neverthe less reveal him as possessing this peculiar genius. A first thing which impresses one is R. E. Jones's power to escape from himself. Too often the successful theatre artist, discovering a formula, concerns himself thenceforward with its application to all sorts and conditions of plays and spectacles. Under the winnowing fan of the system which leaves the theatre to the organisation of men who purchase a production piece-meal, such artists are reduced to the final paucity of repetition. They get a reputation for a certain kind of work, and only that work is offered; and,

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however useful such departmentalising may be in protecting us from the mushing of Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Maeterlinck into one type of stage set, it eventually denies us any thrill in the work of the artist. With the doings of playwright and actor the same truth applies. Real genius in the theatre is vital with the possibilities of exploration of a medium so wide as to seem limitless. In its affinity it has a niche for presenting æsthetics, but we must think of it as universal, dealing with the great issues and erecting an art so far-reaching as to be part of life itself—life intensified by the artists and presented to the multitude.

It is this conception of his art which has moved Robert Edmond Jones from the early work of charming stylistic decoration to the recent productions wherein suggestion lifts his art to the highest point of dynamic power. In a recent issue we reproduced a scene from *Macbeth* as designed by Jones for Arthur Hopkins' production. The photographs of his first *décor* (for Granville Barker's production of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*) and of his model for Maeterlinck's *The Seven Princesses*, which we illustrate in this issue, show Jones in other moods. Since the production in 1915 of the first of these plays, Robert Edmond Jones has to his credit more than a score of plays. This energy need command only moral admiration if Jones had repeated his methods, but knowledge of his work brings us to a realisation of the versatility of his art.

One glances at the work exhibited at Millais House: *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* is conceived in terms of somewhat whimsical decoration; a setting for a play by Zoe Akins is a stylistic interior; *Swords* shows realism transmuted by an arbitrary and Rembrandtesque use of lighting; *The Birthday of the Infanta* is symbolistic; the *Richard III.* uses one set throughout and superimposes upon it the essential elements of each scene; *Macbeth* is pure subjective expressionism, the presentation of psychic and mental factors of the tragedy by means of abstract symbols; the Maeterlinck plays are given in settings of non-representational stylism; projects for giant open-air lighting are shown; Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* is conceived as wild fantasy; whilst the set of designs for *The Cenci*, where decoration is attained by static grouping of human figures built of clay and so lighted as to form set-

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tings of wonderful chiaroscuro, is one of the most amazing and interesting schemes ever planned for staging a play. This hasty *résumé* will establish his claim to versatility. One feels that he is seeing the theatre as a thing of wide opportunities, and in the Little Theatre and others is experimenting with the medium which he loves.

A further examination shows how much he allows for the play as the determining factor in theatrical *décor*. His settings may be as artistically important as the play itself (often one suspects that they are much more so), but always they are in key. Rather is it that he accepts as a principle of the art of the theatre which he serves that there must be no clash of artistic purpose. It is not, therefore, that his sets are mere background for the action and speech designed by the dramatist, but that Jones so thoroughly gets to the fundamentals of drama as to devise a visual stage-work which will share the expression of these fundamentals.

This synthetic conception of the theatre is the guiding principle of his work. It liberates him from the bondage of an easy realism as well as from that of the merely " arty "; it takes into consideration the mental reaction of the audience and the artist's task of creating stimuli to this individual and crowd consciousness. With such æsthetic and psychological factors in mind, Jones can create a *Macbeth* planned to convey to his audience a spiritual instead of a physical setting for the play; he can have living people moving amidst static clay-built groups of figures without any sense of incongruity, for he is dealing with art and not with life. He is able, moreover, to use his lighting freed from the necessities of representation. Increasingly as his work goes on he tends to a use of lighting which is purely of the theatre; in his latest productions he has passed the phase of semi-realistic interpretative lighting and is frankly non-real, abstract, and theatrical. Beams of light play their part in creating form and colour, and in creating the desired reactions in the minds of the audience.

With the coming of men like Robert Edmond Jones into the theatre we glimpse the possibilities of building up an art which shall again thrill and move multitudes; we see the theatre taking again its place as the centre where the dynamic ideas of the race shall find expression; we realise afresh that there can be an art of the theatre.

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

How I Got the "Long-Ticket"

(*A Life's Story*)

I

By Harald Hewitt

On January 4th, 1921, I surrendered myself at Slough on a warrant dating back to 1913. I am the man who, during the race for the Ascot Gold Cup, June 19th, 1913, rushed out on to the circular course where it joins the straight at the end of the race, flourishing a revolver and a flag flying the suffragette colours, and was ridden down by Tracery, the leading horse, with disastrous results. The jockey, Whalley, received slight concussion; I was seriously injured by a kick in the head. Then, after an operation, doctors certified me insane and I was sent to an asylum, from which I escaped. How did this happen? Why did I do this "mad" act? I think my life's story may throw a ray of light upon that strange creature, man, and I propose here to psycho-analyse myself and to show that I am the victim of a system which, upon persons of peculiar temperament and mentality such as myself, exercises a harmful and anti-social influence. Indeed, I go further and say deliberately that if I became a "long-ticket" asylum case our educational system is to blame, and that all my sufferings are due to our monastic education, or sex segregation, which leads to sex inhibition, shame, and not so infrequently to wreckage.

I suppose I am to-day what is called flotsam. In the loose general sense in which men employ the word, I am "mad," in that instead of making bets on a race-course or drinking champagne, I tried to emulate the quixotic act of Miss Davison, who a week before had thrown herself in front of Anmer at the Derby and was killed. I can look

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back now and see that it was a foolish thing to do, because it could do no good; and, as I did it in a fit of self-sacrificial enthusiasm by way of protest for the women's cause, by way of testifying to my feelings of rebellion at the vulgarity, the smugness, the hypocrisy of social conventions, I suppose the world is justified in branding me a lunatic for consciously daring to revolt, as I did, on a race-course on a beautiful summer day. Anyhow, the horse nearly finished me, since when I have been a wanderer, a terribly lonely man. Psychologically, and no doubt physiologically, I am a sex case, and my obsession is a young fair-haired girl. But, like all boys of my class at that time, I was brought up monastically. I never met my dream, and the inhibition soured and derailed me. I have to-day one hideous memory—my school-life; one burning desire—to introduce co-education in this country.

I must go back to childhood. Well do I remember the doctor advising my father not to "send that boy" to a public school, and how elated I was at the words. Presumably I was highly strung; in any case I loved music, above all, nature, the flowers, the trees, the hills, but in due course I went to Harrow, where I spent five hideous years.

I was bullied, and I don't recall ever having enjoyed a meal. Almost the only happy hours I spent there were the brief intervals, to me gloriously lucid, elevating moments, snatched from the routine drudgery of lessons, I passed in the Vaughan Library reading Dresser's *Birds of Europe*. Where birds and animals were concerned Latin interested me profoundly; but the Latin as taught seemed to me mere hack work, and the classics were hateful to me and have been useless in my whole after-school life. Only for one term was I comparatively happy, and that was in a summer term when I was in the third Fifth under the late Mr. R. Bosworth Smith. He was a naturalist, as I should have liked to be. Sometimes he would leave the dry classics, and instead ask us boys questions about birds and flowers, even at times taking his class out into the gardens to see what we knew of plants.

Then I was top boy. Occasionally I had moments, as when I could get away from cricket and go birds' nesting; when at the Harrow and Eton "exeat" for the match at Lords, I would slope off to the Zoo to spend completely

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happy hours. At school I had no ideals; it was just a weariness to be gone through, which I supposed at the time would be somehow to my good in manhood. When I look back I know many another boy was suffering as I suffered. Don't think my case is extraordinary; it is by no means so. Many a boy, the artist boy, feels as I did in that monastic institution, unable to eat properly and so not thriving, and the higher I rose the more depressed and unhappy I became. Of course I did not understand then; now I know that I was suffering from sex inhibition, from the stifling atmosphere of sex segregation; from the loneliness, mental and physical, of isolation from the companionship and helpfulness of the other sex.

I rose to the Lower Sixth, wore my tails, and was in no sense a " slacker " in work, but in games I took no interest. At the Zoo I was wildly happy, but at school, surrounded always by boys, boys, boys, I felt caged, repressed, morose, futile. The daily conventions of the place repelled me. I found I had little in common with the moulding process, turning out boys on class lines to think and act all alike without recourse to their individual intelligence or consciousness. Every day of each term was imprisonment, for in such a place the boy who does not share the conventions of the day is taboo, and his life is made a misery. Yet I went through it, utterly distasteful to me as was the learning of Greek verbs, iambics, and Latin verse, and only boys dressed all alike, talking all alike, thinking all alike. A violin to learn—that would have been a joy. When I left school I had vague ideas of self-realisation, to make myself a strong, resourceful man, a suitable helpmate for my ideal of womanhood mirrored always in my eyes as fair-haired with blue eyes, and if only at school they had tried to understand me and taught me to pack a horse, put on the diamond hitch, to shear a sheep, to reef a sail or take the wheel, why, school would have been heaven and I should have emerged a strong and confident man.

For though I passed through school hating games for the sake of games, I am neither prig nor " gentleman " idler. After I left school I fought in the Boer War and came back a pro-Boer. I have been a missionary, a miner, a sailor before the mast, a farmer, a manual worker. I revel in hard physical labour. I rejoice in the wild seas. I

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can reef in a gale, stick it out with most men—in fact, I have roughed it with the best, I who at school was bullied because I did not like cricket, because I would rather study a crocodile at the Zoo than saunter round Lord's at the cricket match with an absurd top-hat at the back of my head and a button-hole. It seems grimly funny to-day. No, I have never worn a silk hat since my school-days. That hat is the emblem to me of unhappiness, of the school strait-jacket. Now my throat is bare, I care not what is the fashion of collar. Perhaps I ought to say here that I do not wear glasses and I stand well over six feet in my stockings, and this I say to correct the opinion of any reader who may from this narrative assume that I am a puny "feller" or one of those chaps with long hair who "ought to be kicked."

Trying to formulate my impressions of school life—and these early impressions are of immense significance to us—I think I felt that I ought not to be in a place where all was the same, where everything was standardised, where opinion was crushed out, where individuality was a crime, where to be different was an offence, where even the noise was alike. I wanted to get away from this sameness, this strangulation of individuality. I wanted a natural life, the air, the hills, forests, flowers; I loathed that black coat, the monotony of the straw hat, the idiotic sameness, when gardening, botany, forestry, music, ship-building offered me copious happiness. As I grew older my mind dwelt hopelessly upon girls. Not in any vicious sense. I wanted playmates, helpmates, and to me a young laughing fair girl was the ideal.

Here again I speak for many others to whom our monastic system of education is a long cruelty. When I was in the Sixth and could call for fags, I hated shouting "Boy!" in the usual way; it seemed so foolish, this demonstration of power over the young. I fancy my house-master knew how unhappy I was, and on leaving I went to a tutor in Somerset, where I felt far more at ease. There I would get out into the country and snare pike in the ditches; get down to the coast and see the wildfowl, and I recall the intense longing I had then to be friends with some girl of my own age. But there were no girls there. The very idea of a girl would have horrified the dear tutor.

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We were kept like wild beasts away from the sight of girls, and I used to wonder why it was, what reason prompted this sex segregation, what possible goodness could come out of this divorce of the sexes. Yes, I trace my own shipwreck back to this, to me, wrong education which warped my growth. Always as a boy I was faced with repressions. It maddened me. I felt continually thwarted and stunted. I yearned passionately for girl companionship. I ended by being unable to speak to a girl.

This is what friends call my "kink," this idealisation of the other sex, which with me is reverence. I am not moved by dark hair. My infatuation takes the form of fair hair, blue eyes, a sweet laughing face; and because I did not have the company of girls in my youth, never met them naturally, did not grow up with them, but rather grew up in enforced antagonism to them, I became that self-inflicted curse, a shy man who has no friends, whether among man or woman. Under co-education this shyness would never have manifested itself. With girl playmates at school, I should have developed naturally, healthily, and probably successfully, as I have seen children under co-education in America and Scandinavia growing up together like saplings in a forest. To many, I know, this confession will sound absurd, and perhaps it does reveal a weakness of character. My "kink," call it. But there it is. I have never grown out of my school sufferings. I have not been able to overcome my morbid self-depreciation, and I am still unmarried, having searched no small part of the world for my ideal helpmate, my type, my complement.

After all, this is not really madness, judged even by public-school notions. Years after I had left school I was taking a course of navigation lectures, and I recall with what curious solace I listened to the explanations of the magnetic polarity of colours in connection with compass adjustment. Two blue magnets will not hold—like colours repel, unlike attract, so blue and red grip. It must be so with me. My opposite is the Swedish type. Probably I am morbidly introspective. As I throw back to my imprisoned life at school, I know that the reason of my unhappiness, my isolation, my unknown yearning, was the lack of companionship of the other sex, without which I felt unexpressed and unexpressionable. Just that. Per-

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haps I belong to the animistic type; at any rate to me nature is home and animals are my natural playfellows; indeed, I could not hunt them. There are natures which seem to get mortally wounded in youth. I was of that kind. Under co-education I would have reacted naturally because I should have felt that life was natural. But at school, with only boys and the noise of boys, girls became unnatural. The isolation was too vivid for my complex, as they would now call it. I suffered, for I was quite pure in mind and could not share the sex talk popular among boys. I suffered until my morbidity or "kink" became, as it were, a mental adhesion ultimately driving me across the world in my search after the ideal.

Do you wonder that I feel a deep resentment at my school-days? Do you wonder that as I grew up to manhood and realised my failure to secure that ideal, to break down the shyness which shut me off from contact with the other sex, I harboured wild ideas, at one time wishing to shoot myself on the steps of Harrow School, at another to die at least manfully for woman's emancipation, and again, to go forth to Africa as a missionary and find death for the faith? For I am not meek in the spirit. I respond somewhat differently from the normal man, that is all, and I was much distressed at the hurt suffered by the jockey when I stopped the winning horse.

If I write all this, it is not for myself, but for others. There are many boys like me to whom school in monastic conditions is hell. I know it; indeed, of recent years numerous educationists have insisted upon this point, and many a man, if he pleased, could tell the same tale. That is why I am now a missionary—not to teach the Bible to Blacks (I have not the true missionary zeal), but to help teach humanity to Whites. Education should at least help a man to find his own self-expression. I maintain that to many our public-school monastic system destroys the idealism that is in us, as it throttles the artistic or creative sense that is naturally in all young boys. The weak go to the wall, they say, but is this a right method? I went to the wall at school because something in my nature was choked. The bent of my character was frustrated instead of being developed. The good that was within me was turned into bitterness. I left school marked for the "long ticket." I

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could not talk naturally with girls, for I was sex-paralysed. To me woman was as a divinity in which my whole being sought expression. But the long school years of repressions had set up a morbid mental condition which affected my whole outlook. I became a pathological case in this sense. And because I could not harmonise with women I lost the friendship also of men. I haunted myself. I could find no peace of mind. I set out, like some explorer, to find my ideal, and the more I travelled the more remote that ideal became, until now in the middle of life I have only the past to look back upon.

That is why at Ascot I rushed out, like a madman, to stop a horse. The revolver was bluff. I saw myself as some knight bushman, as in the book *Robbery under Arms*, dying for the cause in which I had been a life martyr, at least qualified to face death. Well, all causes demand sacrifices. I felt painfully the justice of the woman's cause. I thrilled at the news of Miss Davison's death. Now, it seemed, was my chance. Stupid, no doubt. But man is rightly styled an idealist. What, after all, is death? The thing is to die for some endeavour. People, I thought, would read of my death and learn that this " madman " had died for woman, had sacrificed himself for co-education, and my death, I reasoned, might help. Might induce men and women to think about *their* sons suffering, as I did, in the monastic seclusion of schools, stifled under repressions or degraded by self-abuse. It would do good. And so the little bullied Harrow boy " disgraced " his family—such, of course, was the term—by seeking death on, of all unromantic spots, a race-course.

I take up my life-story. After Harrow I went to Cambridge, where I was far happier. Yet I have no vivid impressions to record. I was what the French term *abattu*. I grew physically, but I could not shake off the shock of my school-days. I could not share in the convivialities of my surroundings. I was not, I began to realise, like other men, and sex repression was still a constant nightmare.

I would see girls in the theatres, but I could not speak to them. I was sex-bound, girl-struck, so to speak. It seemed wrong to try to approach them unintroduced, so strong was my idealisation of the other sex, so sex-shy I had become through long repressions and segregation. I

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was no doubt foolish. For example, I never stayed up for the dances. I felt myself unworthy, a statement which may seem queer to the ordinary male, and so Cambridge passed away and I resolved not to waste my life, but to go out to the Colonies, where, I hoped, rude toil and adventure awaited me.

Then I had my first "break." Before I left for the Colonies in 1896, I cast a halo of romance round a young girl of seventeen, whom I met in the village church. But I could not speak to her. I belonged to the so-called "gentleman" class, she to the other. How absurd! How unspeakably stupid, this class distinction! Yet she remained a silent infatuation, and I associated her with beautiful hymns and left England treasuring up her memory as a saintly and ineffaceable possession.

Up on Peace River, Canada, I spent a year without seeing a woman, but I began to realise myself in the free open-air life and rough work which came, despite my public-school training, perfectly natural to me. In 1902 I came back from roughing it in Australia, earning my passage as a sailor to San Francisco—seventy-two days before the mast; thence, as a trimmer across the Atlantic from New York, and on my return I intended to marry. All these years I had hardly seen a girl, and I suppose my complex had worsened. When I reached England I found my ideal had got married, and in despair I spoke once or twice to her sister, more out of memory of the girl I had so cherished than from any other feeling.

This was my "break." The anonymous letter came. I was accused of "carrying on"—just fancy me doing such a thing! I got engaged. But we hardly saw each other. I was away looking for a farm; then I broke off the engagement. Her father threatened an action for breach of promise. Disgusted with the indecency of public proceedings about what to me was the highest thing in life—love—I paid her £1,000 and we parted.

My lawyer was annoyed at my feebleness, but I could not fight a case of that kind; it seemed to me so pitiful, so sordid, so unclean. Not that my *fiancée* of a few months had received the slightest hurt. We rarely met. I think class also piqued me. I could not see a gentleman behaving badly to a girl of a lower class. Of course I was

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a fool. I recognise that, and I ought to have taken my lawyer's advice and gone into court, if necessary. But this incident would not have happened had I been brought up with girls. I yielded to an unbearable longing to speak to some girl, and the sister of my youthful ideal naturally presented herself. I acted on impulse, breaking it off also on impulse, for I was a complete tyro in such matters. I imagined that women were pure, sweet, wonderful things in whom men found inspiration, and her parents caught me, no doubt seeing I was a queer, Colonial kind of fellow not very spry in the ways of the world, and in matters of the heart a lovesick looney easily "fixable." But the incident filled me with rage. My intention of marrying was swept away. I had paid £1,000 to a girl for a nasty and completely false imputation, and I felt that my return had been anything but successful.

Once more I determined to travel, this time to see about a homestead I had taken up in Alberta. An aunt suggested I should visit some relations in India, and I foolishly agreed. So I set out as ordinary seaman, March, 1903, from Vancouver to Hong Kong, and on to India. It was a great mistake. I ought to have gone to Sweden, where I could have found my fair ideal, and I might have married and settled down and by now have been a happy man.

(*To be continued.*)

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The World after Washington (ii)*

By C. H. Douglas

We began by saying that this world is a testing-ground for theories, and we can proceed by the proposition that every organisation, social, industrial, national, or cosmopolitan, is the incarnation of a theory, of which sooner or later the individual is the judge, and eventually the executioner or the donor of the award of merit. An organisation, such as, for instance, the world financial organisation, may appear, and may in fact stand for numbers of quite disconnected objects so long as its general validity and usefulness are not clearly challenged by the supreme arbiter, the self-conscious human spirit. But when that time comes, every organisation has to declare its long suit, and to discard from weakness.

Now, that is the position of the doctrine of original sin to-day, incarnated ultimately in the financial temples of Wall Street, with chapels-of-ease in Lombard Street, the Rue Scribe, and elsewhere. Only a few years ago, the proposition that the object towards which the high priests of those temples were working was a raising of the standard of living and an increase in the amenities of life passed without more articulate and reasoned dissent than was contained in sporadic strikes of disgruntled "workers," mostly on pretexts which could be shown without difficulty to be either illogical or absurd. But one veil after another has been torn from this little fairy-tale by patient, acid investigations into the methods of financial sabotage—investigations carried on almost independently by widely separated persons and groups, mostly engineers, in the great industrial and financial countries, and it has become quite clear that the object of the financial system under which we live (let it be clear that no personal attack is necessarily involved) is *not the distribution of goods and services up to the limit to which they can be produced. It is employment—employment for its own sake.* The

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street-corner orator, who always exaggerates, calls it slavery, but of course that is absurd—no one is forced to compete for employment who is willing to starve, although the converse is not true.

It is necessary to rescue the foregoing statements from the damning charge of rhetoricism. It would be possible to fill pages of this REVIEW with statistics of the undistributed output, actual and potential, of the fields, factories, and farms of this country alone. It would be possible, and rather amusing, to tear to bits the latest financial bluff that we are a poor, poor country after the war, and that our acres of new factories, filled with the finest machinery the world could produce,—most of it adaptable to peace uses—our farms developed by the stress of demand, our stupendous reserves of motor and marine transport, didn't really mean wealth at all. But an extract from a speech by Senator E. F. Ladd, as reported in the Congressional Record, Sixty-Seventh Congress, Second Session (December 15, 1921: Washington, U.S.A.), is sufficiently illuminating. He said:—

"This country [U.S.A.] alone has resources more than sufficient to feed, clothe, and shelter the entire population of all civilised countries. Probably it would not be too strong a statement to say that with our present man-power and material equipment, properly and effectively applied to our natural resources, we could furnish all the principal necessities for the economic support of all the people of the earth for years to come. It has been computed that we have standing room for all the human beings now living in the State of Texas alone, giving to each individual 66 feet square of space. It has been estimated that California alone could furnish all necessities and many luxuries for one-half the present population of the United States. That section of the country usually referred to as the North-West could feed the present population of the United States with the exception of such things as are grown in tropical countries without any great strain upon its resources, and its surplus will be sufficient to purchase these products. Taken together with the Pacific North-West, it could furnish all the breadstuffs, meat products, dairy and poultry products, wool, flax, shoes, lumber, iron, steel, coal, and water-power the entire country could use in the next five hundred years.

"The like could be said of almost any other great sub-division of the United States, yet there are millions in this country to-day who are facing a winter of threatened suffering from exposure and lack of food. At the same time, the farmers of the country have produced so great an excess of food that it cannot be carried over by our transportation, marketing, and credit-system and placed in the hands of consumers, even though we have employment at prices within their reach. We have ample resources of coal and other fuel to meet all needs for industrial and domestic uses of our people and more; yet many parts of the country are facing the practical certainty of a fuel famine in case the winter should be severe."

Now it is the fact which lies embedded in the above

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statement which must be grasped before any useful conception of the world situation can be formed. The problem which is racking the world to-day is not a technological or agricultural problem, and so " increased production " is no remedy for it; it is not an administrative problem, and so Socialism, in the ordinary acceptation, is no remedy for it; it is a directive and distributive problem, and so, in the truest though not in the orthodox sense, it is a political problem, because the direction of policy and the control of distribution are both resident in finance.

Let no one ride off with the idea that the United States is a special case. With all her natural resources, her problems are identical in character, and even greater in severity, than those afflicting Great Britain. Apart from the fact that these islands are much nearer to being potentially self-supporting than financial interests would have us believe, the question turns on a totally different matter, which is only remotely affected by natural resources; that is, that the buying power distributed to individuals during the process of production is not available as effective demand for more than a fraction of the product.

The explanation of this apparently paradoxical fact is somewhat complex, but the fact itself is now hardly challenged by any competent authority. It ought to be obvious, with this fact in mind, that a country which cannot buy its own production cannot buy goods exchanged for the unliquidated surplus, and consequently only the distribution of the original fraction of production is affected by such exchange. That is the position of every industrial nation to-day.

Again, the definite charge which is here made, that the energies of the working population are perverted by the financial system so that scientific and industrial progress is persistently thwarted in its task of releasing men and women from the bondage of purely economic production, is not made on the ground of any abstract or doctrinaire theory of " right " or " justice." On the contrary, all such ideas belong to the static world beloved of the doctrine, whereas our hope lies in social dynamics. In plain English, that means that when, say, Professor Soddy is engaged on critical investigations connected with the structure of the atom, it is absurd that he should not have some-

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one to black his boots if that is the only way to get them blacked. But it is equally absurd that any human being should black his boots if the work can be well and conveniently done by a quiet little machine operated by the tide in the Bristol Channel.

And the outcome? Well, war, murder, inconclusive revolution, chaos, or a change in the financial system. The strategy of Wall Street and branches is plain enough and sound enough *in vacuo*—in an abstract world in which all the factors are "given." It is to support and stimulate all movements which attack private, personal, and individual means of livelihood and consequent liberty, by the steady inculcation through Socialist, Communist, and other sources (often perfectly sincere) of the idea that economic "work" is the only title to life ("Down with the parasites!"), and the devising of means to sabotage production and raise prices, and so to maintain and enhance the illusion of scarcity. ("We are a poor nation after the war—only hard work and economy can save us.")

Carried to a successful conclusion, this results in bringing the whole world under the sway of the purveyors of "employment."

At the same time, with the aid of the same plea for economy, and by the exercise of financial pressure, steps are being taken to force the reduction of armaments in every country, so that only a highly specialised naval, military, and aerial caste, trained to rigid obedience, and with a strong class bias, shall retain the determinant of armed force. By the control of credit, which controls policy, the local, omnipotent police forces thus formed will be at the behest of the money kings; and one squadron of bombing aeroplanes will be happy to show any social or industrial malcontents what's what.

It is not a negligible scheme, but it is not so good as it looks, by reason of its dependence on time. Much of the best talent in the world is in those ranks of society equally removed from great wealth and that utter submergence which makes intelligent action almost impossible; and many of the individuals possessing it are feeling the pressure of the policy while not yet entirely disarmed. Out of these, technicians, professional men and others,

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action may come. High finance will not have a complete walk-over.

The methods by which the great and final effort to subordinate humanity to a system—to make men the slaves of machines rather than machines the servants of men—can be effectively countered are technical; matters for experts, and so out of place here. But they are known. It may be well to point out that the ballot-box has very little to do with them.

Governments, Cabinets, Ministers of State, are administrators, not originators of policy. The battle-cries of the hustings do not touch the questions of credit-control and price-making, nor does the mechanism exist at the moment by which political democracy could be made effective on such issues.

Similarly, when elected, the " representatives " of the people can vote on a machine-made issue, or can abstain from voting; but it is elementary knowledge that none of them can create a live issue, and keep it alive against " interests."

Let it be repeated—you do not capture policy by capturing administration, but you do acquire control of administration if you are in a position to impose policy.

There is no time to lose. The easy method of delegating someone else to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire is not going to meet this emergency. If, however, the manufacturers, traders, engineers and professional men of Great Britain could be persuaded to stop repeating the optimistic sentiments served out to the Press from bank parlours, and would look facts in the face as the English of Elizabethan days looked a very similar situation in the face, then there might be just enough time.

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Theodora's Lions

By Austin Harrison

At Covent Garden, which is now an " electric " while opera and the classic drama flourish even commercially at the " Old Vic," on the Surrey side of London, a " picture " has been showing, portraying the " lures and debaucheries " of Theodora with incidental music of bits out of Beethoven and *Parsifal*, and as in these democratic exhibitions violence is the very essence of the " draw," Theodora, with sure modern plebeian instinct, seeking to distract the Emperor in order to save her lover, summons the guardian of the pens of the Hippodrome and bids him " let loose the lions " on the multitude who are holding a sort of anti-waste Trafalgar Square meeting in the arena. Like love, this scene is grand. The famished beasts one by one creep into the arena, scent the human blood, and—the "movie" does the rest. One leaves the vast dinginess of Covent Garden with a queer historical sense, and as we watch some hoary old lion climbing up a marble column on to the imperial rostrum in pursuit of a centurion, the whole panorama seems quite in keeping with present times, and Theodora's gesture to be metaphorically what we are to-day witnessing in our post-war world with its half-famished lions of half a dozen civilisations " let loose," here, there, and everywhere.

True, the simile cannot be upheld, for Theodora controlled her lions, janitors, and servitors, whereas to-day direction is conspicuously absent, and so our lions act on their own, climbing up on to the seats and dados of authority, such as it still is, from Moscow to Islam, from Africa to Ireland, from the moonbeams of religion to the deep wells of finance, from Jerusalem to Jericho, like that pleasant picture at Covent Garden. And just as Theodora crowned and synthetised an empire, a civilisation, an epoch, the decline and fall of which she dated the orgiastic prelude, so to-day the lions let loose by the Great

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War, which historically also closed an era, have broken from their pens, and in the world's Hippodrome slaves, emperors, and centurions are flying as before some wild and unexpected onslaught, and the air resounds with tumult. It is the aftermath. It is the war following on the war—the fight for peace. It is the agony and bloody sweat of the awakening.

Here, at home, we have in the miniature ring of domestic politics a facsimile of Theodora's difficulties—after she had been found out. Like her, the magnificence, the symbol, the authority, the cynicism, the wastefulness of the Coalition have been found out, and the Premier can no longer control his rival generals who want a new emperor. In the arena the chariot races no longer lure—too many are out of work, too many are disaffected; and though Mr. Lloyd George may chant hymns in his own language on holiday in his remote fastness on the shores of the Atlantic, the mob, the trainers and *lictors* of the mob, refuse, as they do in the Theodora "screen," to sing in concert, and, like Justinian infuriated with the people's sullenness, he can only cry: "Let the games begin." They have begun.

At the last General Election I stood, a carpet-bag candidate, against this mighty "genius," as Mr. Montagu styles him, believing that some demonstration of protest was necessary against a "dud" election fought on shameful promises with the subterranean object of smashing President Wilson, and I said that within four years the mandate would be torn into ribbons and the whole false edifice of power would crash. That is what we are witnessing to-day. The 1918 election promises have turned out to be false, from hanging the Kaiser to the £23,000,000,000 indemnity, from the home for heroes to the "get yourselves a new order." Up the columns of authority the lions are crawling, and there is no staying the beasts. "Found out" is the motive—"paid" is the price. The Coalition is dying of inanition, as all Coalitions sooner or later do. Only a figure remains (as I write) between collapse and dwindling respite, that of the Prime Minister: who now surveys the wreckage, very much like Theodora just before the giant hangman applied the rope.

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On the whole, Mr. Lloyd George had better let it "rip." The only service he could render now with the props and pillars falling from under him is Genoa, but as America refuses to participate, and France refuses to shake hands with Lenin, and France's Central European phalanx has constituted itself into a diplomatic "bloc," it is difficult to see what even "genius" can achieve in a conference in which the only things that matter are ruled out. Far more dignified to take the hemlock in Roman fashion than await the dagger's point sharpened with the bile of the men who were betrayed over E.P.D. and now mean revenge. To go to Genoa on a patch would be to commit the error of President Wilson, who forgot America, and Genoa would prove a Canossa. The end has come. Men want their quarrels again. There is no longer need of a Tetrarch, no longer willingness to obey one, and the revolution starts, as it always does, from the gentry.

Mr. Lloyd George has only Eton, so to speak, to fall back upon. Can he take the coupon? Not with honour or dignity, as men used to say. His own ticket is clipped. We are returning to Parties, to policies based on principles, to opinion, and here he has no love-philtre to present. The lions are creeping up the columns of Mr. Lloyd George's pantechnicon, and they look vicious animals. We are on the eve of a General Election.

Nowhere, as Justinian lamented, will the peoples sing. Over reparations—perhaps the greatest international folly recorded in modern history—a new phase has begun, which may bring deliverance; it is to meet joke with joke—the American "joker." The man fascinated at the spectacle of the lions chasing the mob at Covent Garden is probably quite unconscious of America's little joke played on the Supreme Council, which consists in demanding from the Allies £50,000,000 for costs of the upkeep of the American army on the Rhine. After three years of conferences this was the sum squeezed out of Germany, which was to be divided up, as a first instalment, and just as we were expecting to finger the money, America demands the lot. France is puzzled, and hints at ungratefulness, but America this time is in earnest. She is moving towards a positive Reparations policy. She means now to convince France that talking nonsense about reparations while Europe falls

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into decay is not a French monopoly, and that unless France agrees—we are ready now to agree to anything—to talk economics instead of politics, or sense in place of nonsense, America will insist on her bond towards Europe, which consists in a debt of over £3,000,000,000, plus the nasty political argument that whereas in the war America sold on credit to Europe, she was forced to buy for cash—which rather disposes of the Gallic hint at ungratefulness.

To acquire the needful authority, America has offered her ex-soldiers a " bonus "—to be paid out of the sums owing to her from the Allies, thus securing, shall we say, a collateral which at least enables her to talk reparations in a practical manner; and this *démarche* or counter-joke threatens to keel-haul all the *political* experts on indemnities, who for three years have made themselves not only ridiculous but contemptible. This lion will, I fancy, bite. For though that, too, is nonsense—Europe will never pay back her debts to America, as M. Loucheur, out of office, bluntly said—it has this advantage, that either reparations will terminate as a world joke, or, eating his own words, M. Poincaré or whoever succeeds him will have to get down to realities and accept what sensible men have long since agreed upon, the modest sum of about £2,000,000,000, of which only a part will, or can, be paid in gold marks. That is, of course, why America has refused a Genoa where only politics or the Lloyd George-Poincaré compromise was to be discussed. They say: " If you want to talk real economics—good; if not, then here is our little bill."

The arithmetic bottles down to this. If we can only get, say, £500,000,000 in cash out of Germany, yet have to pay £3,000,000,000 to America—where do indemnities come in? And such is the political mathematics to which insincere and foolish politicians have brought us. Having ruined Germany, there is no money. Now we have to pay America. Idle for France to retort " shan't " or " can't," for if the victors cannot pay, how in the name of Gaul can Germany pay with a paper circulation of 120,000,000,000 marks and an exchange quotation at 1280? That American lion is on top, and the Theodora of the Seine will now have to look " slippy " or—she will be gobbled up by real credit *versus* " paper " assets.

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This American joke or "joker" is politics, and has been immediately politically countered. It will force the pace, hasten the inevitable end, bring back the truth, which is that all indemnities will have to be wiped out so as to place Europe once more on a sound economic basis. Otherwise—the lions, and captious Theodoras being strangled to the plaudits of enraged mobs who "won't sing." The idea politicians have been working on, *i.e.*, to restore Europe by a world organisation of banks and credit schemes, must fail because Europe's problem is not finance, not bonds, not banking credit in the interests of those who supply the credit, but purchasing-power, economic confidence, trade and the facilities for trade; in other words, what Europe requires to prevent collapse is political and economic adjustment, is peace and the conditions of peace, and until the purely political fabric of organised economic war is abandoned for conditions which permit of peaceful activities and reasonable political contentment, no scheme of credit, which again can have no security, will be of much avail either to correct the mad exchanges now driving three-fourths of Europe into wholesale bankruptcy or to increase her purchasing-power, upon which in this country we largely live. The whole standard of life in Europe has been radically lowered because of the war and threatens to be permanently lowered because of the peace. This is the real problem affecting Britain directly. Owing to the breakdown of the exchanges, Government credit power has also broken. The result is the existing chaos. To remedy that the disease must be treated singly. Actually, private credit in many European countries is sounder than Government credit. Here, the remedy is not finance, it is trade, it is work, it is the economic unit as a whole. This dislocation cannot be adjusted until the consumption demand of the degenerated unit revives, but this again is impossible until the political barriers which to-day stifle trade and distribution are removed and the nations recover their incentive to work and are again economic potentials. We have the two extremes in Austria and Poland.

Austria has been reduced to a city, which can only live by attachment to its natural unit, Germany, and her decay and monetary inflation are artificial, the direct result of an insane Treaty. Poland, on the other hand, is the most

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bloated empire of the war, territorially. Her decay, her frenzied paper money inflation, her impotency are the result of national characteristics—military vanity, unscientific habits, ignorance, inefficiency. To-day she is Europe's Eastern sore, drifting into complete bankruptcy, an empire which in two years of freedom has printed over 200,000,000,000 marks to maintain a huge army at the bidding of France. Outside credit cannot help these peoples. Both are unnatural, artificial, economically unsound, and Europe must continue to suffer so long as two such uneconomic units are maintained, unable themselves to produce or to acquire credit—pitiful examples of the military map of Versailles.

Europe's problem is threefold. First, all Europe is poorer, and will for years buy less than before the war, in many cases will barely subsist. Secondly, the economics of Europe have been shot away, and there is no production. Thirdly, Europe has no means of acquiring credit because the exchange mechanism is out of order or control and the printing press is the sole cash basis of Governments. To ask America to finance such a Europe is foolish. The Europe of Versailles cannot function. It is the cockpit of military France. To break this down, America now asks for her money. If France refuses, the whole fraud perpetrated upon the world will be revealed, and then, it may be, men will laugh. But the crawling lions will laugh too, and there will be big bellyfuls of Theodoras.

No doubt it is a little hard on Mr. Lloyd George to see the frustration of his Genoa plans, for it is said that his ambition now is to repair the damage done by the Treaty. He should have thought of that during the " dud " election. But he did not think, he wanted power, and the country only wanted jubilation. To-day, it is his own following who desert him, his own placemen and assessors, his own trumpeters. The jovial schoolboyism of straight-cut Toryism is tired of Mr. Lloyd George's sceptre, and in such quick-change attitudes as the Premier has revealed over Ireland, towards America, and threatens to reveal towards Egypt and that hitherto unmentionable subject, India, the Squire scents the end of all self-respecting authority euphemistically summed up in " firm " government. He favours the Ulster pose of the birch-rod. What

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the Irish like (he will explain) is firmness. What India respects is tiger-shooting. What Egypt needs is a soldier. What " we " want is power. And so, despite the warnings of their chieftains, the " Die-hards " are up in arms, out to foist upon a public which " won't sing " a nice Tory Government brigadiered by an ex-Georgian " lion " or a real Lord. It is a vain thing, but the dear schoolboys don't know that and don't want to. Nor are they really wrong. We must get back to some manner of a responsible Parliament, some controllable Government, some principles of policy, and perhaps the best way out now is to pull down the Coalition and see what the country makes of it. As the " Wizard " of Downing Street intones staves of music in the pure air of the Welsh hills, he can at least smile at this sling of fortune, he who rose from Limehouse to Chequers, who " won the war " and lost the peace, for a Tory dictatorship at this critical epoch in our imperial history is Justinian without his wife. He has Labour to fall back upon—the mob, the lions. He has Liberalism, rising, riding on the winter of our discontent. There are, clearly, manifold possibilities. And there is the East, as always, inscrutable.

The East is again the Scheherazade of our Empire. Flung to the wolves for the divulgence of the Viceroy's telegram, Mr. Montagu has performed one great service in that the public now know something about India; and also something about the startling feeling existing in the Moslem world relating to our Philhellenic dismembership of the Turkish or Caliphian Empire, which, after all, has a soul: another lion. Most of us never dreamt of this one, but to find him actually demanding the modification of the Treaty of Sèvres as a principle does seem, not unnaturally, to good Coalitionists pretty cool and, after Amritsar, indelicate. No wonder that Lord Curzon was angry. It upsets the Calcutta " sweep." That India should ask us to do our duty by Islam exceeds all limits, and so exit Mr. Montagu and enter Gandhi the " Saint," in gaol. India has so long been a forbidden subject that we generally stop at Macaulay's essay; yet as the result of the war India, the East, has blazoned forth into significance, cutting across our European delimitation of the map, flashing from East to West a strange and new-begotten—Christianity. We sense it in the person of Tagore. It burns in the exiguous frame of

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Gandhi. It is, as it were, a new revelation permeating an unbelieving and cynical West, rising as in olden times from the East which never dies. But we must leave ethics severely alone; we are not yet re-attuned to such callings. It is the political or conscious East that concerns us here. And this incredible fact stands out. The war has left us with the ageless problem of the East, and once more we are face to face with Islam. Such is the significance of Turkey through our pro-Grecian policy of castration. Such is the significance of India's unrest, within the Empire. Such is the call of the East as it clashes with the now hopeless materialistic policies of Europe strangling and suffocating herself on the fruits and hatreds of war.

Over Greece, we backed the wrong horse. Captivated by M. Venizelos, the Premier launched out on his Philhellenic transmaritime adventure which has lodged Greece in the new annexation called Ionia and got us into considerable trouble with France over the old Crimean question of Constantinople. We never seem to have considered Moslem and that we are the guardians of Eastern evolution. We never seem to have considered that so long as Russia was imperial she was Turkey's enemy, but that with Russia overthrown, in defeat she might easily become Turkey's friend; and so Constantinople is once more Europe's Mediterranean problem. Degrade the "Caliph of Stamboul," and the East is involved. That means our Empire, for we are the "white elephants" of Oriental consent. This is not diplomacy, it is philosophy; it is the cultural antinomy of the East and West, and we stand before a great historic anti-climax. There are lions by the Ionian Sea to-day in consequence. Asia Minor for Turkey is the cry—and Constantinople. No wonder the Die-hards emptied various bottles of champagne when Mr. Montagu missed his tiger.

Hitherto the problem of Turkey has always been her buffeting-basis with regard to Russia, the prize being Constantinople, and so on the policy of the balance of power the "Sick Man" has been Europe's nightingale. It was the policy of Pitt, of Beaconsfield, of the Congress of Berlin; and against it was Fox, who leaned towards Russia, and subsequently Gladstone and Anglican Church Liberalism, which after 1918 saw in the Cathedral of St. Sophia a basis

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of union with Greek Orthodoxy—hence a certain denominational enthusiasm for the Venizelos Greek expansionism, which would assign the gates of the Bosphorus to Greece. The Montagu-Reading policy, more deft, more spacious, reverted to Disraeli. As Jews, they understand Islam; their instincts are pro-Allah, not pro-Russian, hence their Indian policy, which has culminated in the present crisis. Hence, too, the difficulty with France, who, more perceptive than the pro-Greek Premier, saw in Constantinople an invaluable bait to offer a regenerated Russia, friendship with whom has long been, as we all know, a cardinal axiom of French diplomacy. Her clandestine agreement with Turkey is the result; thus France breaks her own Treaty of Sèvres.

And so once more the liquidation of Turkey is Europe's difficulty. If the problem of Turkey is Asia Minor, Constantinople will remain the central aim of geographic Russia. That is why we refused to " liberate " Northern Caucasia—Koltchak and Denikin making the reservation of that territory conditional. But we are in a special difficulty because Turkey is the gateway to the East and our Empire is socketed on Islam; we cannot afford to make historical enemies of both Russia and Asia, and now less than ever, with the rise of Eastern peoples into consciousness, as we to-day witness in Egypt and India, and that is why the French, with considerable astuteness, signed up behind our backs with Turkey much as the Kaiser did some years before the war, when he acclaimed Mahomet as his spiritual " friend."

Incidentally, I presume that no man in this country is blind to the implacable hostility we shall meet from a restored national Russia over the excisions so bonnily made out of historical Muscovy in the exhilaration of the Treaty madness, when politicians apparently assumed that we had doubled our income through war and henceforth merely had to recast the map as Napoleon was wont to do before Trafalgar. All those excisions—Lithuania, Esthonia, Poland, Bessarabia and the Caucasus—will of course be Alsace-Lorraines to any non-Bolshevist Russia, and the moment Russia becomes re-nationalised those points of war will exercise our Foreign Office to frenzy until a

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recovered Russia is ready to win them back by the sword. All that is A B C diplomacy.

That is where Turkey enters the European Concert with her peculiar geographical position, her deathless Caliph, her martial idiosyncrasies, and her problem is: To be or not to be? In our treaties we have committed every conceivable mistake. We have castrated Russia, who saved France in the War over and over again; we have castrated Turkey, thereby stirring up the embers of religious fire in Islam, the reverberations of which are rocking the cornerstones of our Empire. And why? To please M. Venizelos; to satisfy some six million Greeks who, like Poland, fancy themselves as the young lions of New Europe, and but for public alarm at our national expenditure we should no doubt have financed Constantine's Anatolian war.

Our " young lions " may think that Tank control is the proper way, but the public which has to pay the cost, and all men with any vision, see only disaster in this setting-up of weak, vainglorious peoples at the expense of powerful nations who have been temporarily crushed by war; and the truth is that both over Turkey and Russia we have stalked into a predicament calculated to plunge all Europe into a cycle of war at no very distant date. The French quickly realised our stupidity with our New Jerusalem, our Ionian Empire, our Arab Protectorates, our Constantinople-Philhellenic navalism, and cut right across us, and now little Greece, sinking also into " paper " inflation, is at a loss how to carry on. What we did at Versailles was to amputate all the big Powers in order to set up weak Powers armed to the teeth, thereby ensuring their inevitable bankruptcy, as to-day we can see by glancing at the exchange quotations of Poland, Roumania, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia, etc., all of whom know that the day that they disarm the balance of real, as distinct from " paper," power will move inexorably against them.

The Turks, who gamely refused to sign the Treaty of Sèvres, understand their position, and now ask us to give them back Asia Minor under some form of League of Nations rights, and with this they include Thrace. Here we have an historic issue. Are we to bottle up Russia as before 1914? Are we to drive the Turk out of Europe from Homeric or Levantine sentimentalism? Or are we,

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taking the long view, to seek accommodation with some prospect of averting the next great war? Were the League of Nations a true tribunal, the fruit of example, and vested with international authority, this Russo-Turkish problem might be referred to such a body for guidance; but, constituted as it is under French tuition, it would seem mere futility to anticipate any finding different from that which assigned Silesia to Poland at the behests of the Quai d'Orsay. Spring is at hand, and unless something is done the Greeks may suffer defeat in Anatolia and may, especially as France is acting in collusion with Turkey, be driven ignominiously into the sea. There is only one wise course, and it is to revise the Treaty of Sèvres, lock, stock and barrel, and leave the Turk his bag and baggage in Asia Minor, unless under a Tory Administration we want to have an Ireland in Egypt and India with what the champagne club would style " firm " government.

Look where one may, there are everywhere lions springing into the arena of the peace made at Versailles, and the exchanges register their entry. Tucked into corners of newspapers agog with murders, stunts and police-court cases, a paragraph or so reveals that the " experts " have watered down reparations to some £2,000,000,000, which, if true, certainly shows M. Poincaré's cunning; but, like most things nowadays, it probably is not true. Germany's question now is no longer reparations, which is mere political talk, but whether she is to go bankrupt or to divide in on to some stabilised mark exchange; and, if so, how shall we meet her competition, on gold, when, freed from the incubus of internal debt, she faces us with a brand-new currency? This is the gold lion rampant, baffling even to heraldry; and alongside bounds the American lion now roaring for gold. Well may Theodora languish. The ghost of President Wilson haunts the chanceries of Europe. The mobs are out of work. Credit is a bank overdraft. Only Hodge, following his plough, remains imperturbable, serene, real. He sows—we reap.

As the screen at Covent Garden says: " Theodora is now tired of life. She awaits calmly the hangman." She had her run, and undoubtedly it was a stroke of genius on her part to let loose the lions on the mob. Mr. Lloyd George may still have some fierce animals to release upon

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a distracted world, but unless he develops a very strong world economic policy hand in hand with America, France and home disintegration must trip him up. Meanwhile the whole silly Treaty of Versailles is tumbling down upon the heads of its framers, and as it falls the nations of Europe are sinking into decay, and we are all growing poorer, including America sitting, like some absurd miser, astride Europe's gold. The gods are reputed to make mad those whom they wish to destroy. To-day the world is mad enough for any god, however jealous.

Byzantined Europe howls in the arena: "Down with taxation!" and the Justinians stroke their beards. Only Theodora captivates the eye, still vital, potent, lovable. Round the corner stands "Georgia," the hangman, with the rope. But Theodora has lost her Grecian lover and no longer has an ectoplasm. The thumb of Justinian points down. A whole world thrills to the sight. Is there some wizard philtre of redemption? Can any election love-potion deceive a disenchanted mob at this juncture? If not, what "Victory Bonds" can the Premier float in the absence of underwriters? Economics, which are laws, dog his every step, for the aftermath is controlled by these laws. He never thought of that in the heyday of 1918. He forgot the story of the "golden goose." He did not understand. Now the Lemurs are fussing round the precincts of the war mausoleum, looking for post-war souls. Are there any? For sure there are. Always there is a beyond. Chinks in a new order are opening. We are reaching out to new forms and groupings. Meanwhile—the lions are let loose.

ENVOI

"OPEN to icy storms of wind,
exposed to blasts of every kind,"
the man who climbs the peak
of fame,
gilded with an immortal crown,
unlike the Kaiser's, knows no frown,
he gives to barnacles and leak
a name.

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Though virtue, friendship, and responsibility rot,
" 'tis cold and lonely on yon mountain-top."

You dug-outs of the sunless South,
who preach my fall from mouth to mouth,
what do you know of me
or mine?
or care? now that every place
from Westminster to saving-face,
from India to can't-catch-me,
is thine.

You've got me set, at bay at last,
cornered, dethroned, outnumbered, cast
into the rotten pit
where jobs
can no more whet your appetites
for more. Ah! miserable Hittites,
you think I'm on the spit
of mobs.

Not so. To Genoa with Lord Riddell,
with Hankey, Panky and Miss Tell,
I go with brand-new kit
of clubs;
with niblick and my wizard's smile,
and tears to melt a crocodile,
to flesh my spoon-bach wit
on " duds."

And there, astride a gaping map
of blood and mud and Frenchman's nap,
I'll " joker " his and any " bloc,"
you know;
by economics pure and simple,
reparations, Keynes, and pimple.
Of course, once more—my knock-
out blow.

And with Dr. Lenin, too, I'll shake,
no matter how you twist and quake,
though North cliff winds tear up
my tent.

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I'll stand, by George! for peace and gold,
for all who have not yet been sold,
  and wait with Nick to sup
anent

those Coalition promises of mine,
which sapped the roots of every clime
  and sent me up sky-high
to dance
with marks or old Trotsky's roubles,
up and down the silly noodles,
  attendance like a maiden—I!
to France.

Not half, you do not know my skill,
or how I'll yet this cosmos thrill—
  David will not be stabbed
like " Clem,"
or America's poor lonely chief,
who thought to catch us like a thief,
  and might, had we not " blabbed "—
ahem!

I've got the ships I've got the bonds,
F. E., Peel, Leverhulme and Monds,
  Balfour, Law, Beaverbrook
and " Mutt ";
with luck " Jeff " too. Why not? Sassoon
is splendid on the old bassoon,
  Banks love my shepherd's crook
to putt.

I'm coming back. I'm going on
to Genoa and the Rubicon,
  and then—well, wait and see
a man!
I did not win the war for nothing,
or lose the peace for France's stuffing—
  I'll dance through green or tee
can-can.
We'll try once more the Coalition mop.
" 'Tis cold and lonely on yon mountain-top."

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"Loyalties"

By S. O.

THE war has done something to Mr. Galsworthy, and now, as he has proved in *The Skin-Game* and *Loyalties*, he can hit the bull's-eye, when he pleases and as he pleases, and so St. Martin's Theatre is "sold out." *Loyalties* as an idea is good. It is admirably crisp, simple, and progressive, rising from a theft committed by a gentleman into an all-round problem play of points of honour as they touch different classes in the community with the Jew as hare. Attention is focussed on that young man on whose trail run all the hounds of *The Morning Post*, from the General to the butler, from the old Lord in the club to the women who in the contemporary theatre of manners seem to do little but smoke cigarettes and emit cynical platitudes.

Dextrously woven, closely etched in, the play abounds with sharp-set character studies, and real life moves upon the boards, to the evident delight of keenly attentive audiences all-eyed on the Jew. But Mr. Galsworthy betrays no bias. Quite impossible to know whether he is Liberal or Conservative, and occasionally he fires point-blank at the gallery. One feels that this is no longer the work of the lonely humanist. Mr. Galsworthy is now of the big world, with a public. He has sown his art oats. He thrones. Only one doubt lingers. Do gentlemen to-day shoot themselves when found out? Does honour weigh so heavily on the "right" set? And this. That Jew? They seem at home enough in India, but perhaps this is Mr. Galsworthy's new humour.

Afterwards, Sir J. M. Barrie's *Shall we Join the Ladies?* It is, of course, a joke, a study in the auto-suggestive macabre, and though we realise that Mr. Smith is enjoying himself at his guests' expense and ours, he grips; he gets across our defence, he undresses us all in public. Probably, this was written as an exercise, just to see what a very cunning hand could do with a certain static position. Anyhow, here we have Barrie at his best, and, topping *Loyalties*, his little piece makes a rich evening's entertainment.

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The Position in Russia

By Alexis Aladin

THE Conference proposed to be held at Genoa has forced every thinking man to survey the situation of Russia more closely than before. The Great Powers of Europe and America have realised that the economic situation of Europe cannot be fundamentally improved without Russia having been put on her feet again.

At the present time Russia is still divided into two camps: the Reds, who are in possession of the country and the power; and the Whites, who hold the proprietary rights and their accumulated knowledge and experience. The Reds are in Russia; the Whites are in Russia and abroad outside it.

Abroad, in the Border States, in Germany, in the Balkan States, in America, Italy, France, and Great Britain, there are more than a million and a half Russians. These people, compared with the rest of the population, are well educated, but they are now exiles and refugees. Theirs is a miserable existence, for they read accounts of what is happening in Russia, and are yet unable to stir a finger to help their beloved country. The Soviet Government, in view of the national disaster of famine and disease, should and *must* grant an amnesty to these men and call them back.

The Soviet Government complains that they are still short of men of experience, knowledge, and honesty, who are necessary for administration and organisation. Here are the men for the work—the million and a half abroad who are ready and waiting to return home as soon as possible.

Of course their return would be on the understanding that the Soviet Government would stop all policy of repression and pass to the system of government by consent of the people.

In Russia itself large sections of the population are not in sympathy with the Soviet Government, so it is

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evident that the Government has to pass certain measures to bring these sections to their side. For example, in the South of Russia we have the Cossack lands of Don and Cuban and Terek—all of them self-governed for centuries past. All these lands are very fertile—in fact one of the granaries of Russia. By granting the Cossacks their own self-government the Soviet would wisely attract to themselves a population occupying very fertile provinces. The same applies, in a way, to a very large and fertile area of Ukrania. The sort of measure the Soviet Government has to pass is one to attract to them this section of the population that is now against them, and by attracting the population they would get with them large reserves of grain and fodder.

The Whites in Russia, even when working for the Reds, are not sure either of their situation or personal safety. Moreover, they are practically excluded from any participation in the government of the country. The only time when the Red Government has taken the White side into their confidence was at the time of the Central Relief Committee of Moscow, which was composed chiefly of non-party men. But directly they saw that Europe and America, as represented by the voluntary organisation of relief of the famine, were inclined to deal direct with the Government, they dissolved the Committee. So long as that attitude of the Soviet Government towards the Whites continues no active work of regeneration of Russia is possible.

Without effecting concentration of men and means available in Russia itself, the Soviet Government cannot hope to see the sympathy of the world turned wholeheartedly towards Russia.

The next question for serious consideration by the Soviet Authorities—who are in power and who alone can deal with it—is their Army. From a recent report of Trotsky, it appears that the Soviet Army at the present moment is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 1,400,000 men. The Soviet Government must be aware that neither Europe nor America can acquiesce in the fact of their keeping an army of that size. Either Russia has to resume productive work, or she has to be saddled with an army of a size to frighten her most peacefully disposed neighbours.

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An army of 1,400,000 in the hands of the Soviet Government necessitates an excessive mobilisation in Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, and Finland, so that the whole Eastern frontier of Europe is kept in their millions under a forced idleness. That must be stopped and changed. Hence the reduction to a bare minimum of the Soviet Army as a measure which would enable them to take their stand at Genoa with prospects of successful negotiations with Europe and America.

Yet there remains another question to be dealt with exclusively by the Soviet Authorities before they can aspire to enlist sympathy and to get the support of Europe and America, and that is the question of the past liabilities—in their double form; of the Russian State loans, and of the private property confiscated or lost during the Revolution by the foreign subjects. The Soviet Authorities must remember that Russia never has been a beggar, and is not likely to be one in the future. In spite of all the plunder of the last four years, the Russian actual and potential wealth remains practically unimpaired. A few years of steady work would enable Russia to face all her obligations and liabilities in the calm consciousness of being able to discharge them. Without any quibbling and procrastination, the Soviet Authorities have to recognise all the State loans of Russia in the past, and all the losses of the foreign subjects during the troubled years of the Revolution. Without having done that—and done it gracefully—they would not be able or allowed by Europe and America to deal seriously with any questions.

Now to pass on to the famine. In its extent it is a national disaster, involving the whole of the Volga region and a great deal of Don Land, Cuban Land, and the Black Sea littoral. As far as population is concerned, between twenty-five to thirty millions are suffering from the famine in different degrees. Up to last December the population had something to exist upon; from that time onwards, until the new crops mature, the population is bound to remain perfectly helpless. At the present moment (the Soviet Authorities can *not* contradict that statement) every day *tens of thousands* are dying in Russia from famine and exposure to the rigour of the climate and the diseases which accompany famine—chiefly typhus. That is to say, every

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day from last December onwards has cost Russia in human life from 20,000 to 30,000 human souls.

Moreover, the same procrastination of the Soviet Authorities to meet the national disaster on truly national lines has lost for Russia, almost totally, the whole of the spring sowing. There are only two months during which any preparations can be made for the spring sowing of this year. Whatever the results of the Genoa Conference in respect to Russia, *it is materially impossible* to make good the spring sowing in the affected regions, which means that even during the whole of this year (1922) the population now suffering from famine cannot be made self-supporting.

All that remains in the region of practical possibilities is the autumn sowing of this year. If the Soviet Authorities fail, by their obstinacy or lack of desire of accommodation, to get the practical results of support and relief on the State scale from Europe and America, they will plunge Russia into another even greater famine next year, the responsibility for which would remain with them and them alone.

Externally, they still nurture the illusion that Europe and America would give *them* credits in their present state; they must realise that for their own safety's sake they must drop the terror in the interior of the country and pass to a Government by coalition, commanding the trust of the people. Only that would enable their illusion of foreign loans to the Government to become direct and indirect reality. No partial measures of restitution or freedom of trade and private property can help them radically.

It is needless to say that Russia feels herself deeply indebted to all private organisations working now for the relief of the suffering millions, such as Hoover's organisation, the Society of Friends, the "Help the Children Fund," and other foreign societies. Every life saved by them is a service rendered to Russia never to be forgotten, and God bless them and help them in their humane efforts, and may they grow in number and strength!

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The Credentials of the Painter

II.

By Wyndham Lewis

In my first article I insisted on the dyer's hand analogy, showing the painter working in a medium so physically different from that of the musician, and with preoccupations so opposed, in every way, to the other categories of art, that he will also remain a very individualised species. In these articles it is not my object to discuss æsthetics in general. It is not the credentials of the artist I am writing about, but those of the painter. Yet a part of his credentials are also those of his genus. Therefore something has to be said on the larger justification of Art at all, and how it stands in relation to other activities.

First, then, the great difficulty in writing about a painting or piece of sculpture is that if your appreciation of it is a literary or philosophic one, the reality of the thing is apt to escape you; and if your interest is a technical one only (or as well) the specialist appreciation that results will be of interest to painters and not to the general student or the public.

In painting, as in the other arts, there are no laws. There is nothing clear-cut, demonstrable, and intellectually satisfying, such as you get in, for example, a Law of Motion of Newton, or the Kinetic Theory of Gases. Science, in argument, always has the advantage of an art where the man in the street is concerned. The contemporary public venerates science as much as it can anything. Even science it takes very much as a matter of course. All the same, a man who can tell it some FACT about a stress —how many tons of a given matter you can raise in the air without danger of collapse, and the probable term of a given structure's resistance to shock: or one who can supply it with an infallible chemical datum for a marketable glaze or what-not, is the specialist whose devotion to an abstract study he understands. And it is indeed satisfactory to be able to give, with mechanical accuracy, the

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conditions of success for an experiment or a process of general moment.

The Chinese and Japanese, it is true, had their laws in painting: for example, the Japanese rejection of shadow in a painting. They held that the shadow of an object was of no significance, and should be ignored. But such a statement is a BY-LAW rather than a law. It may be necessary for seventeenth-century Japanese, just as to-day Survage paints, where men are concerned, nothing *but* their shadows. For his particular picture, the Survage combination, this is a law. But these parochial regulations and arbitrary little rules appear the flimsiest caprice when compared with some grand physical law of universal application.

Yet, less mechanical than the general law, the law of the individual, that intimate order and code by which he lives, with all its supple appearance of caprice and organic liveliness, should excite our admiration just as much.

Archimedes, with his lever, again, would rout Bach's pedal in an importance-competition, always, if only on the score of permanence. The lever is like another and more powerful hand bestowed for ever on men, whereas Bach is a wind in the ear, merely, it would be said. Yet Bach's music splendidly summarises a great human type: the lever moves the body, of whatever dimensions (" Give me somewhere to stand, and I will move the world! "), but a Bach fugue moves something that possesses no physical dimension, but which is even more important to us than matter and its mass. Supposing the platform Archimedes called for were forthcoming, and he proceeded to jerk the world about: apart from the alarm he would cause in millions of breasts, the value of his action would be relative to the value of what was found on or in the earth at the time. In that way you arrive immediately at the question of value on which the general credential of the artist is based, and which it is impossible to resolve, whether it be in a dispute with regard to two works of art, each of which has its supporters, or between a work of art and some object of great general utility.

Where David Hume, speaking of moral beauty, concludes that for its appreciation the participation of the

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intelligence is required, he writes: " But in many orders of beauty, particularly in those of the finer arts, it is requisite to employ much reasoning, in order to feel the proper sentiment; and a false relish may frequently be corrected by argument and reflection."

Argument and reflection are certainly very necessary, much as people dislike them, where the finer, or better the finest, art, in any kind, is concerned. But, in the interests of this dialectic, no laws can be adduced of universal application. The work of art, in the end, has to impose itself on men like a living individual. Instead of appealing to their intelligence only, supplying them with a mechanical formula of universal efficacy, it must appeal to their whole make-up, or to their taste. The taste is a sort of higher, more complex intelligence. Every faculty serves it, and is found represented in its composition. Very few people possess this personal arbiter, or synthesis of the *ego*. The system of mutually contradictory compartments obtains usually: a man passes from one room to another. In one he performs actions that would be found repugnant to the self that he has left in the last, and *vice versa*. It is taste alone that can make him a dependable and ordered being. Here we can usefully allow ourselves to be reminded of the figure brought forward in the last article to typify the painter: Goethe. This act of understanding with the *entire* man, not some specialised section of him, which I say is required for art, might naturally bring Goethe to your mind once more, since he has been so lately mentioned—he who stands so much for development in all directions. And, once more, it is to this ideal of a certain inclusiveness that the painter appears to respond, much as Goethe does, and to possess as his birthright a similar healthy coldness.

Philosophers have from time to time decorated the imposing architectures of their systems with æsthetics as a building is embellished with wall-painting. ("Æsthetic" also has often been used with another significance than that we are giving it here, and in which sense it is more generally used.) But you get the feeling from listening to the metaphysician, while he discourses of art, that you would not pay much heed to what he thought of an individual work of art. You would know that Hegel's taste in painting would probably be Böchlin: and his conclusions on the

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subject of æsthetics, if you were a painter, would suffer in your estimation in consequence. "He builds a good system of thought," you might say; "he may be as good as Wren—but he is not a very good man of letters, my friend X tells me, and I don't expect he knows a good painting from a bad one."

Even a discursive philosophic essayist like Santayana pens art ingenuously and at once in the category of the Will as opposed to the Idea, and goes to look for it, with a sense of holiday abandon, in the pleasure-quarter of the town.

Pleasure, in some form, is certainly the object of most art. But is it not also the object of any other activity higher than pure bread-winning? To make the majority of men feel comfortable and keep them quiet, the notion of the dignity of toil, in the sense of mechanical labour, was long ago invented. To unrivet the perception from the need, to disentangle art from the practical artifice of life, is the artist's constant task in his work. His task is, however, supposed to be as purely delightful as it in reality is delightful and arduous. His life, his work, is seen as one long holiday. He, the play-boy, the pleasure-man, dreams the day away while the stern surgeon stands in the operating theatre cutting off legs, or whipping out appendixes, and the earnest chemist bends over his balances weighing and weighing and weighing, all in the end either for the comfort or enrichment of men. The artist, in contrast to this, can only show as a result of his day's activity some picture, music, or writing that, if men became supermen, or were provided with infinite leisure and opportunity to develop their intelligence, they could appreciate, and regard as the symbol of their elect existence. For art, in the deepest sense, is surely nothing but this. If so, what else is it?

The gesture of dragging art down to the level of a possible general humanity, empirically decided on, or of "educating up to art" an unnumbered public, is equally absurd. Art always has been, and within limits must remain, the monopoly of the intelligent few. The mass will go to the performance of Shakespeare, the national picture collection, or buy the *Tale of a Tub*, but will understand nothing. Art is either an improvement of the

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head, of the summit of a society, or it is popular art, which, given primitive conditions, can be admirable, but will not satisfy the civilised man.

Taste, as I have described it above, is what would occur in the sphere of morals if David Hume's " argument and reflection " became a habit, something that accompanied a man into whatever compartment of his existence he might be passing at the moment. In art it is the standard of value; its development is more and more in the company of " argument and reflection."

The usual thing that you hear advanced to-day to defeat the instinct and conviction of the artist is this: " If the Prime Minister and Mr. Bottomley get sensations from looking at a painting by Louis Wain, whereas they feel nothing but boredom when confronted with a Signorelli, then the former is the better picture while they are looking at it. There is no such thing as one picture being *better* absolutely than another. It is only better for *somebody*," etc.

This attitude, a scepticism or dislike of the good emboldened by some unconscious leaning on the ideas released by relativity and other theories of our time, gives us the measure, also, of our chaotic life. For it implicitly repudiates also a scale of value for the individual, the spectator. It makes a clean sweep in which the hydrocephalous idiot, Machiavelli, and Mr. Churchill find themselves of exactly equal authority. It pushes forward the claim, likewise, that you can be a vulgar sawney and a great artist too; just as you can be an ignoble and illiterate rogue and a " great statesman " at the same time. In the case of the *artist* it definitely claims that that will be a confirmation of your fineness in your special work; with the politician this conjunction of qualities is tacitly agreed to be propitious. The possession of a general culture would be regarded with suspicion, and would not be tolerated, in an English statesman to-day. If he possessed such a thing he would have to keep it dark.

If we cannot get, at the top, a human world, then art, and everything that we have so far identified with the word civilisation, must perish. If our values become the values of stones or matter generally, we perish, too. So long as you do not envisage the immediate likelihood of this, you

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have to deal with art, which, as tragedy or comedy, speech or adornment, is bound up with our human life.

If, however, without identifying ourselves with matter entirely, we yet evolved into a total material asceticism, how would it be with art then? One is bound to admit that art has so far been dependent on religion, a luxurious life, or superstitious fancy for its existence. But for any life that we could evolve into, short of identification with matter, or the other extreme of dissociation from it, there would be an art, or " expression." It is a half-way house, the speech, life, and adornment of a half-way house. Or it is a coin that is used on a frontier, but in neither of the adjoining countries, perhaps. As we know nothing about these or any other countries, it is impossible for us to say. Art is a coin, if you like, that has no æsthetic value, only an historic one. But it must be composed of a certain metal, and it must ring true. To recognise this ring you depend entirely on your ear. Your eyes, and even your teeth, can also be brought into play. And you can speculate on the character of the stranger who is tendering you the coin. These, taken together, make up your " taste."

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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THROUGH THE TORI. By ZONE NOGUCHI. Elkin Mathews. 15s.

"THROUGH Japanese Spectacles" would have been a title more explanatory to the Anglo-Saxon reader—"the Tori" being those picturesque propylons which frame, in Japan, things sacred and significant. Here we have some thirty-five essays by a distinguished interpreter of Western literature to his countrymen, in which he attempts the far harder task of informing our more definite and architectural minds in the elusive subtleties of oriental modes of thought, by giving us his own impressions of things and people in the vulgar tongue. Mr. Noguchi has mastered a good deal more than the rudiments of English style, but one needs more than a sense of the equivalence of words to penetrate to the heart of his meaning. Enough gets through to make the pursuit of the intangible engaging. One realises that there is a depth and a height in the apparently transparent simplicity of Japanese poetry and art which ought to appeal to something more central than the æsthetic, and

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that by our habitual sharpness of focus we are missing a good deal that is exquisite which it would be good for us to see and to feel. It is something of a feat to convey these misgivings with an engaging simplicity and modesty, and to give us besides some penetrating criticism of Wilde, Yeats, and Rossetti, and many delicate shades of Japanese thought. The price of this Japanese-made book suggests that the pursuit of this form of enlightenment is the luxury of the few, as it probably is in a self-satisfied world.

POSSESSION: A PEEPSHOW IN PARADISE. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Jonathan Cape. 3*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*

MR. HOUSMAN tells us that this delightful bit of irony in dramatic form was separated from his *Angels and Ministers* group because politics and religion were not mixed by Victorians. They are not much mixed even now—but that is by the way. *Possession* is a little play in which the amusingly suggested scene is in "The Everlasting Habitations," where three typical elderly sisters, of profound respectability and the highest principles, meet in a reproduction of their childish home and gently manœuvre for predominance. A silver teapot is one of the possessions which have a central part, whilst the power of disappearing and reappearing at will adds enormously to the amenities of Paradise. "Dreadfully irreverent" would have been the contemporary verdict upon this little masterpiece of subtle criticism and quiet fun, and a sense of this adds salt to our enjoyment of a character study rich in knowledge and implication.

DISENCHANTMENT. By C. E. MONTAGUE. Chatto and Windus. 7*s.* net.

As the title suggests, this is a true book about the war, and so sad, yet to-day the public must be sufficiently educated to hear the other side of propaganda on which the war was fought. In a sense, it is an appendix to Colonel Repington; lofty, austere, literary, the work of an artist who plunged into the fight hot with enthusiasm and noble ideals, who survived it almost in despair. His illusions are gone. He describes little nobility, no higher grace; his pen has become a sword. Mr. Montague is a stylist, and like all artists who have suffered he is fearless. His words burn. His intensity defies mockery. This is a man in earnest. And yet his conclusions hardly appear justified, for the mob are not disenchanted; they still follow the men who told the lies, they still believe in their "corpse-factory" Press, as circulations show. This is where Mr. Montague is out of touch. Man collectively is not a fine animal; he is only fine when finely led. It is the rulers who matter, and because Plebs does not understand that Plebs is always the victim. Yet in many this book will kindle some sparks which will not go out, and for this service Mr. Montague deserves a nation's gratitude.

FICTION.

JOAN OF OVERHARROW. By ANTHONY WHARTON. Duckworth. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. ANTHONY WHARTON has one priceless qualification as a story-teller—a touch of the *diablerie* of one of his naughty little boys. He

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keeps the reader's mind in a state of pleasant anxiety as to the next surprise which one's temporary providence will spring. This, of course, would be an offence if it were overdone, but the spacing and timing of catastrophic strokes are so well synchronised to the scale of human experience of the unexpected that they add reality as well as zest to the story. To tell the story of Joan would spoil the reader's fun, even if it could be done in the space of a review. Enough that she is a thoroughly interesting and wholesome girl of yeoman stock, beautiful with the perfection of fair flesh, health, and sanity, and that she moves with growing momentum through a curve of life scattered with entangling moments true to her normal womanliness, the more likeable that she is rather victim than heroine. The abundant characterisation of nice and nasty, plain and gilded folk is remarkably well done, and, from the amorous elderly brewer king to the Wiltshire hinds and mere supers, all are something more than credible. A thoroughly artistic bit of work of unusual quality.

THE TENT OF BLUE. By LADY DOROTHY MILLS. Duckworth. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

A GOOD railway novel for those who travel third class. There is love, a typical (!) hero, the other dangerous fellow, adventures in the East and real Society talk, people and manners. And yet one is rather astonished at the Victorianism of the end, for to-day, according to the divorce courts, young men do not shoot their wife's lover plus themselves, and one cannot help thinking that reminiscences of Ouida had something to do with the "mess" at the close quite like *Hamlet*. However, it reads trippingly; "Geof" is a consummate donkey, the girl a vulgar little "puss." The "leisured" class hardly come out with distinction, if we assume that these ladies and gentlemen are typical of that "set" which the new war plutocracy wants to get into.

THE AWAKENING. By HUGH and EDITH SPENDER. Grant Richards. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE author of *The Banner* is scarcely recognisable in this collaboration, *The Awakening* being almost too sober in tone—certainly pruned of all the flamboyancy which characterised the earlier novel. This is probably the result of development as well as partnership, for the story turns on a simple single theme with cumulative power, and shows no diversity of manner in the pursuit of its admirably balanced enfolding.

A case-hardened reactionary major of thirty marries a slightly advanced girl in the twenties, after four years' absent engagement; then separation has developed her views and confirmed his, but they love one another, and the friction of mind upon mind is the theme of the book. The authors plainly sympathise with the more open mind, but they draw their conservative folks without more than a touch of caricature, whilst the post-war Germany is done without too much *parti pris*.

In short, the danger of the political tract is entirely avoided, but one never gets on really intimate terms with the chief actors; they and their friends and doings keep the reader's interest alive, but the climax

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comes without any warmer emotion. Still, *The Awakening* is a strong and serious bit of work, and marks a great advance upon its predecessor.

THE PRISONERS OF HARTLING. By J. D. BERESFORD. Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

ONE rejoices to find the author of *The Hampdenshire Wonder* returning to atmosphere, in the creation of which he excels. This also is a book built up on an idea, and though there is comparatively little action and absolutely no melodrama, the tale thrills cumulatively to the very end, which is an art. It is a variant of money and its thraldom, but in this case a very old man is the tyrant, and he uses this power over a huge family who cannot break loose, cannot escape from the prison of expectations. As usual with Mr. Beresford, the theme is subtly worked out, and the art is subjective. In many families something of this kind is going on, and the old man is quite a new hero in fiction. This is the sort of work that Mr. Beresford does uniquely. It has the quality of atmosphere possessed by Wilkie Collins, and the reader who is not fascinated by this suggestive story must be hard to please.

POLITICAL.

THE BIG FOUR. By ROBERT LANSING. Hutchinson. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.

AFTER the brilliant pen-pictures of the man with the "duster," Maynard Keynes, Dr. Dillon, etc., Mr. Lansing's portraits are decidedly dull, for the politician is not a writer and lacks inspiration. Yet they are obviously carefully conceived, judicial, even painfully painstaking, and, if they reveal anything, it is that the author himself has no vision. The truth is that he tells us nothing new. M. Clemenceau ruled, Mr. Lloyd George slid and skated about, President Wilson, refusing advice, himself largely ignorant of the problems dealt with and of the psychology of European politicians, was "outclassed" and in the end pathetically bamboozled. All four Mr. Lansing treats leniently, but evidently with deep disappointment, and so his eulogies are reserved for Paderewski, the Emir Feisal and, in lesser degree, for Venizelos, whose character apparently baffled him. This is the American's weakness. Any Levantine can paint M. Venizelos. That Mr. Lansing finds this personality so mysterious merely shows his own unacquaintance with European types, which indeed is the reason why the Americans failed. They did not know the men of Europe. They did not realise the depths of their hates, prejudices, and cunning. They did not understand the real cause of the war and so they failed over the peace.

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